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AUTUMN.

BY A. F. M. JR.

Merrily, merrily over the sea,
Birds of beauty their warbles pour,
Harps of music in air of gloe,
Heralding Autumn's crisp robe!
Seasons whose flowers so ripe and fair,
Sweetest incense waft on the breeze—
Mellowly fold
Those skies of gold
Over the earth so ripe and fair,
Softly fan with thy dewful breeze!
Cheerily, cheerily fall thy leaves,
Rustling amid the stalks of brown;
Sweet the spell that magical weaves
For fair Nature her yellow crown.
Queen of the month of sunset hue,
Tasteful hooding in shades so gay—
Poetry of Dreams
Kissed in her gleams—
Welcome the days of sunset hue,
Autumn of tints so bright and gay!
Woo the loveliness ope'd above—
Beauties of earth with their hue-blend tips;
Draughts of elixir, dreams of love,
Faeo of glory with nectared lips.
Queen! Queen of Autumnal bloom—
Bloom the rarest that earth can know!
Totals are wide
To flow thy tide;
Heaven is here when thou art come,
Queen of smiles with thy gentle brow!

Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SEY,"
"IRONSKINS, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VOICE FROM THE FLAMES.

THE deep-laid plan for the surprise and massacre of the Lake Avengers, by Red Elk and his warriors, proved a decided failure, and when he found his enemies had escaped, his savage fury knew no bounds.

To have attempted to follow the whites then would have been an act of folly in violation of an Indian's usual precaution. He suspected the Avengers had not only outwitted them, but had laid a trap for their destruction. So he resolved to stay on the island till morning, then take up the trail of the enemy, and follow. So guards were posted on each side of the island, the one that stood on the upper side taking his position on the raft.

Owing to the circular form of the island, and the willows upon it, the guards were unable to see each other from their posts; neither could they be seen by their friends from the center of the island.

Red Elk being beyond rifle range of either shore, ordered a fire lighted. He wished to hold a consultation with his warriors, and wanted a light by which to read the expression of each one's face, and note the impression that his eloquence would have upon them. So, in obedience to his desire, a fire was built upon the large, flat stone in the center of the little sand opening.

Some of the warriors now filled the bowls on the head of their tomahawks with tobacco, and began to smoke, while others threw themselves in listless, lounging attitudes upon the sand.

Half an hour passed in silence, then Red Elk spoke. Every warrior rose to a sitting posture and assumed an attentive air.

"Braves of the great Sioux, and followers of Red Elk," the chief began, with all the dignity and eloquence that he could master, but at this juncture there was heard a low groan at the upper side of the island, followed by two dull, sodden blows, and the oration came to an abrupt termination.

Grasping his tomahawk, every warrior glided away in the direction from whence the sound had come, but when the upper side of the island was reached, all was silent as the grave. Upon the raft, however, a fearful sight met their eyes. The guard was hanging, head downward, over the edge of the raft, dead. His head was scalped, and across his cheek was a deep gash. By his side a fresh notch was cut on one of the logs!

It was the token of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter.

A yell of terror burst from the red-skins' lips. They leaped upon the raft and began searching it over for the terrible foe. But, to their surprise, the logs parted and began floating away, compelling them to beat a hasty retreat back to the island. The withes that bound the logs together had been cut asunder by the young Scalp-Hunter, with the intention, no doubt, of destroying their chance of escape from the island, without taking to the water.

The doubly defeated savages had not a doubt but that Death-Notch had made good his escape from the island; nevertheless, they made a hasty search for him, but in vain.

Stung to fury, they gathered around their camp-fire again. New fuel was added to the flames. The light leaped out in strong, red beams, and fell with a lurid glow across the grim, demonic faces of the savages.

Red Elk was the sole embodiment of rage. His expedition, that at first promised so fruitful, was proving a wretched failure. He addressed his warriors in a fierce eloquence, every word of which added new fuel to the fire of their revengeful hearts. It was some time before the storm subsided. Then, with malignant scowls, they all bent their eyes upon the fire, as if actuated by a single impulse.

Then they start. A low groan issues from the very depths of the crackling flame. It is human, and seems to jar the



Old Shadow saw the savage turn, and, parting the foliage, peer into his very face.

fire, for a million sparks went upward from his bosom, as though a stone had been dropped into its center.

Appalled, the savages start back. Another groan issues from the fire. A column of sparks float upward, wavering and crackling in the currents of air.

The savages start to their feet—recoil. "It is well, fiends," shrieks a hollow, ghost-like voice.

The burning fagots leap and dance in the fire. The flame wavers and splutters spitefully. Sparks, millions of sparks, float upward.

The red-skins stand aghast. A spirit was within that fire. It spoke, and crackling flames and snapping sparks were breathed forth.

The red warriors grow bolder. They now advance closer to the fire and begin circling around it, gazing with starting eyes into the flame. They see nothing. Mysterious terror fills their hearts.

"Red-skins, why do you stare at me?" the voice came from the fire. "I am the spirit that will consume you when Death-Notch has hung your scalps at his girdle. I am angry. I tremble!"

The fagots begin to leap and quiver on the stone. The flame wavers and the light flickers and flashes. Smoke and sparks float upward.

The savages stand paralyzed with terror. Red Elk has no power of eloquence to break that fearful spell, for he, too, is rooted to the spot with mysterious awe.

At length there is a calm. The flame gathers strength, and the light flares out on the painted, terrified faces around it. A minute passed.

Again the sparks begin to rise from the fire, and the flame to quiver. The spirit was moving within it. Then there was a sudden crash, and the air was filled with flying firebrands, red-hot coals and hissing sparks. In every direction had the camp-fire been hurled, right and left, into the very faces of the red-skins; then all was darkness.

The savages took to the river, and swim-

ming ashore, fled away into the forest with absolute terror.

Half an hour later a human figure stood in the center of the island. Over the face was an iron mask.

It was Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter! At his feet, leading down upon the island, was the small mouth of a cavern. The wide, flat stone, upon which the savages had built their camp-fire, concealed the opening from their view.

There, in the cavern under the stone, had Death-Notch been concealed—having entered the cave through a small opening under the edge of the island, where it had escaped the savages' eyes; and there, under the flat stone, had the young Scalp-Hunter worked upon their fears in the manner we have already shown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNWILLING EAVESDROPPER.

FRED TRAVIS lay like one under a terrible fascination. That voice fell upon his ear like the voice of doom. There was no mistaking it. It was the voice of Death-Notch, the terror of the red-skin and the fear of the settler. He spoke in that even, natural tone that he had used when he had first made himself known after the conflict at the deserted hut. But then young Travis could not drive from memory's ear those wild, hoarse notes of the madman, when he—Death-Notch—begged him to flee from him in the woods.

Would not Fred's face excite him again, and throw him into that fearful state of uncontrollable madness? The thought was any thing but pleasant to Fred, and he began to think of escaping from the cabin. But this he found would be impossible. The cabin had but one door, and near this the brother and sister stood.

The youth bent his ear and listened. He heard them talking, and learned that he himself was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, Ralph, he is better," he heard Vida say; "he has entirely recovered con-

sciousness and thinks he is well as ever. But he is weak and must not be disturbed."

"No, no, Vida," he heard the brother respond; "he is your patient, you have saved his life so far, and your injunctions must be strictly regarded."

"Oh, Ralph!" and Vida's eyes grew bright with some inward emotion; but suddenly remembering that Fred was awake, she checked the words that came to her lips, while the dark, silken eyelashes drooped shyly on her flushed cheeks.

"What is it, Vida?" asked Ralph St. Leger. "You are feeling unusually joyous; have you caught it from the young stranger?"

"Sh, Ralph!" she said, placing the tips of her tapering, dimpled fingers to her brother's lips; "he is awake and may hear you. Come, sit down. You look tired and careworn. You must be hungry."

Ralph St. Leger threw himself upon the ottoman, while Vida stole softly back to Fred's couch, and drawing aside the curtain, gazed down upon the youth. He slept.

She moved lightly away, and was soon engaged in the preparation of the evening meal. When it was ready, Fred was still asleep. She would not disturb his slumber. She would take him food when he awoke.

Ralph eat his supper silently and thoughtfully. Vida watched him closely. She saw at once that something uncommon rested upon his mind, and after supper was over, and the table cleared away, the brother and sister seated themselves near the door, furthest from the invalid's couch, and entered into conversation.

"Ralph, dear," said Vida, "you are in trouble. Your very looks and actions say so. Why is it?"

"Vida, my love was spurned to-day by one whom I loved most dearly."

"You loved, Ralph? This is news to me. You surprise me."

"Yes, no doubt, sister. But there is a maiden at Stony Cliff whom I met and loved many days ago. And to me she

pledged her heart and hand, but to-day she revoked that pledge and spurned my love. She accused me of being Pirate Paul."

Vida started and uttered a little cry.

"Brother," she said, "I have even thought so myself."

"My God!" he exclaimed: "is it possible that you link my name with that of a villain, Vida?"

"How can I do otherwise, brother? For nearly a year have we lived here in this secluded spot. Your comings and goings have been wrapped in mystery to me. You tell me nothing, unless it is of the terrible deeds of Death-Notch, or of some robbery committed by the prairie pirates. Why have you been so silent, if you did not wish me to couple your absence with that of some evil?"

Fred Travis heard every word. He did not approve of eavesdropping, but there was a mystery about this brother and sister that he wished to solve. To Vida he saw her brother's doings were entirely unknown. He had caught a glimpse of Ralph's face through the curtain. He saw the resemblance it bore to the maiden's. He was fully satisfied that he was Death-Notch, for, although the Scalp-Hunter had kept his face masked at the hut, his voice was the same as that of Ralph St. Leger. But might not he be Pirate Paul, too?

"Sister," said Ralph, after awhile, "half of my life is a blank. Ever since our parents were slain by the accursed Sioux, under Le Subtile Fox—since I witnessed the torture and shameful treatment of our mother and sister—I have been insane half of my time. And were it not for you, Vida, to soften my heart, to live for, to love, I believe I would go entirely mad. And since Sylvien Gray—she whom I have loved with all the affection of a true heart—has spurned my love, it seems as though this life of mine is a bitter one. But, sister, do you remember the ring that mother wore ere our home fell under the savages' blows?"

"Yes, yes, Ralph. I could never forget it. It was a gold ring, with such a curious setting of some precious stone. But what of it?"

"Sylvien Gray wears that ring."

A cry burst from Vida's lips.

"It must have been taken from mother after her capture," she said; "but, how came Miss Gray in possession of it?"

"I know not. But when I saw and recognized it, Sylvien shrunk from me as if from an adder, at the same time accusing me of being Pirate Paul. There is some mystery connected with that ring."

"There must be, but, tell me, Ralph, why it is, if you are not a robber, that you tell me so little of your hunting excursions?"

"Vida, are you sure your patient is asleep?"

The maiden arose, and, going to Fred's couch, drew aside the curtain.

"Yes, he still sleeps soundly," she said, stealing back to her brother's side on tip-toe.

"Then I will tell you something, sister," Ralph said. "Revenge is what leads me from home, and keeps me away. Upon those who slew our father and tortured to death our mother and sister have I sworn to wreak a terrible revenge. Heaven seems to justify me in my course. I can excite myself to madness by thinking over our friends' suffering and shame, and when I am mad, this world is almost a blank to me. I do most terrible acts. The sight of one of those savages who destroyed our home crazes my brain. I can not control my anger. A demon's power and fury are infused into my body. I am vaguely conscious of all I do, yet can not restrain my acts, and there is nothing that I dare not do. It is not insanity that crazes my brain, but a spirit of revenge. It is a singular and terrible state into which I am thrown, but I can not help it. It comes like a dream in my sleep, and my acts are all involuntary. I have no control over myself; but, God seems to guide and protect me while laboring under those terrible attacks. But one thought of you, sister, or of my adored Sylvien, would drive the spell away. It is curious—nay, mysterious—what freaks and fits the human race is addicted to. The sight of a strange white face sometimes throws me into that awful state of madness. It will bring up old memories of days gone by, when we were so happy and joyous with a father and mother. Then will rise the demon faces of their murderers, and my spirit maddens for revenge. And, Vida, I hear much of Death-Notch, and his terrible deeds of vengeance on the red-skins. Time and again, sister, have I recovered from one of my terrible fits to find a scalp at my girdle. By thinking, as you would over a dream, I can recall a vague remembrance of how it came there. But, to make a long story short, I am Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter, as the Indians have seen fit to name me."

A low, half-suppressed cry burst from Vida's lips, and an expression of fear overshadowed her features. Ralph's revelations had startled her. From his own story she at once believed he was subject to attacks of fits, and yet he had endeavored to make her believe that it was but excitement. She felt no uneasiness for herself, but for the handsome, invalid youth lying behind the curtain. What if her brother should become mad at sight of him? As she asked herself the question, she glanced uneasily and involuntarily toward the curtain. Ralph readily divined her thoughts and fears by her actions, and continued, assuringly:

"You need have no fears for him, Vida.

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"You need have no fears for him, Vida.



I see your heart has become deeply interested in that youth's welfare."

"Oh, Ralph!" she cried, blushing crimson. "It shocks me to think of Death-Notch—that you are that terrible being!"

"I have kept the fact from you for your own good. I know it is an appalling mood that at times possesses me."

"Yes, brother, and I fear it will be the death of you yet," said Vida.

"God holds our lives in his hands. I am his servant, and as he wills I am satisfied. But, Vida, I have settled my mind upon one thing. I must see Sylvan Gray once more. I must bring about a reconciliation, if possible. Without her love, sister, this world will be a half-blank to me. If she will listen to my story, believe that I am not Pirate Paul, and will renew her promise to wed me some day, then will I leave this wild, secluded home, wherein love as well as revenge is keeping me. Once away from the hateful presence of the Indians, I know this spirit of revenge will be forgotten. But I hardly know how to act now."

"Ralph, I wish I could advise you in your trouble. But, for the sake of your sister, be careful of your life. When you are gone, I will have no one to care for me."

Tears gathered in the eyes of Ralph St. Leger. He drew his little sister toward him, put back the long, dark ringlets from her brow, and planted a kiss upon it.

In the mean time, Fred Travis was an attentive listener to the startling revelations of Ralph St. Leger, and the words of tenderness spoken by the brother and sister. He felt ashamed of his silence, but he could not help it.

After a few moments' silence he heard the brother and sister renew their conversation.

"Brother," said Vida, "I believe now you are not Pirate Paul, but I can not say I am pleased to know you are Death-Notch."

"I am not pleased over the fact, myself, Vida, but then I feel that I have not been accountable, in a certain sense, for many things that I have done. But, revenge now is only a secondary object. Love stands pre-eminent—a love that grew strong ere Death-Notch struck his first blow, and made his name a terror. However, if Sylvan Gray will hear my story, and believe me—renew her promise to become my wife when we have grown older, then will I give up this life."

"Oh, I pray, then, that she will!" cried Vida, hopefully; "but, Ralph, you say when you are under these mysterious attacks, you have a faint remembrance of what you do, yet can not stay your acts."

"Yes, such is the case."

"Then, do you remember of having beat this young man down in the forest on the night of the storm?"

"No, Vida, for I did not."

"He says Death-Notch beat him down."

"He is mistaken. I was with him that night, and had one of my attacks. I knew it was coming, and warned him to flee and join his friends. He left me and I recovered. Soon after I saw three persons, whom I concluded were robbers, and still a few minutes later I heard a pistol-shot. I never saw Fred Travis after our parting there, that night, until I saw him lying unconscious in your canoe."

Fred heard this declaration with a feeling of joy. A terrible weight was lifted from his heart. He would now have nothing to fear from Death-Notch.

By this time it was dark in the cabin; so a lamp was lighted. Ralph and his little sister now sought Fred's couch, and finding he had, apparently, just awakened, Vida went to prepare him some food, while her brother engaged him in conversation, by which Fred soon learned that the young Scalp-Hunter was a person of more than ordinary intelligence.

Vida's appearance with some food on a snowy plate, and a bowl of coffee, ended their talk. Fred arose from his couch, and, being seated in an easy-chair, ate the viands brought him with a keen relish. After this repast he felt much refreshed and strengthened, and ventured on a few minutes' walk and exercise in the open air. When he returned, Ralph also was out, but came in, in a few minutes, looking not a little excited.

The three seated themselves and entered into conversation. Fred sat with his back toward the open door and facing Ralph, and Vida sat at one side.

Suddenly, Fred saw Ralph start as though he had detected a slight, unnatural sound without, for he fixed his eyes upon the open door.

"What is it, Ralph?" asked Fred.

Ralph made no reply. Fred gazed into his face and saw it was set with the rigidity of death. His white, pearly teeth shone between his slightly parted lips, and his eyes glowed and scintillated like coals of fire; his pupils dilated until they seemed to cover the whole ball. It was a terrible expression, not one of madness, nor insanity either, but of what? Who can tell?

"Ralph! Ralph!" exclaimed Fred, hoping to break the spell that was coming over him like a serpent's fascination.

Ralph made no reply, but, like an arrow, he shot through the cabin door, out into the blinding darkness.

Before either Fred or Vida could speak, there was heard a low, wail-like cry; then all became silent again.

A minute later Ralph made his appearance in the door, apparently as calm and composed as he had ever been.

But Vida sprung backward with a shriek, and, pointing at his girdle, exclaimed:

"My God, Ralph, what is that?"

CHAPTER XIX.

EVIL FACES.

Ralph St. Leger started at his sister's words, as though he had suddenly been aroused from a dream. He gazed down at his girdle, where he beheld a reeking scalp dangling. With apparent disgust, he tore the bloody trophy from his side and tossed it out of the door.

"The cunning fiend," said Death-Notch, "got a little too close. I remember seeing him pass the door and peer in when I sat there."

"Brother," said Vida, with trembling voice, "I am so afraid our home will be discovered by the savages and we slain, for they must be continually on the hunt for Death-Notch. Oh, Ralph! let us leave here soon!"

"Your wish shall be granted, Vida; a few more days and we will forever leave this wilderness and its dangers. God willing. But, for fear there may now be other savages about, I will go out and reconnoiter."

Vida would have protested against his leaving, but, before she could speak, he had taken his weapons and left the cabin.

The maiden and her invalid guest waited long and anxiously for his return, but the hours stole away, the moon sunk behind the western tree-tops and dawn appeared in the east before he returned.

When he did, his face wore a look of fatigue. It was evident that he had spent the night in activity.

"Brother, you have been gone so very, very long!" said Vida; "are the Indians about?"

"The woods are swarming with them, and I am afraid they'll find our home, alas, too soon! But I must keep on the alert."

And so he did. During the next two days he was absent from home most of his time—scouting through the woods.

Fred Travis convalesced rapidly, within the sunshine of Vida's smiles. He walked with her in the cool, silvan wood; rowed with her upon the creek, and talked and sung with her until the emotions that were ripening in their young hearts gushed forth in confessions of love and joy.

From the moment they had first gazed into each other's eyes, a feeling far deeper than mere friendship was awakened in each young heart. This continued to grow upon them, until it at last found expression in words of love and devotion.

To these lovers that solitary cabin seemed an Arcadian bower. They thought but little of the dangers that so troubled the mind of Death-Notch and kept him on constant watch. There was no vain show nor formality in their love. It was a pure and holy love in which the noblest emotions of the human breast held power.

It was near the close of the third day of Fred's sojourn at the Lone Cabin—as Vida called the place—that the young lovers were seated upon the bank of the little stream which formed the western boundary of the glade.

They had long expected the return of Death-Notch, and Vida had begun to chafe in spirit at his protracted absence. But Fred spoke words of cheer to her and endeavored to comfort her mind and keep it upon something else. In her lap lay a Spanish guitar, upon which she had been playing for him, and now, as the twilight shadows began to gather over the woodland with their evening voices and solemn inspirations, Fred asked her to play again.

The maiden took up the instrument and struck a sweet, inspiring air, her own rich voice joining in the melody in a clear, rippling cadence. The music was delicious, and the beautiful singer modified the tones of her own voice and that of the instrument to harmonize with the soft, vibrant air that carried the sounds away through the forest aisles in strains of ravishing sweetness.

The air was a familiar one to Fred, but he had never heard it sung with such inspiring melody. It brought up recollections of a once-happy home and dear faces that were now no more. Tears welled up into his eyes, as his thoughts went back over old, sweet memories.

The snowy fingers of the forest beauty flashed over the strings of the instrument unnoticed by him. But, as her voice rose and fell in those sweet, melodious strains, his breast rose and fell with the emotions it stirred within.

At length the music grew slower and fainter, and finally faded away into silence in a low, dying chord.

Fred raised his eyes to those of the lovely girl. He saw she was sitting motionless as a carved image, her lips slightly parted, and her face set with an expression of terror. The guitar was in her hands, and her fingers upon the strings, but it was as if she were dead.

Vida's eyes were fixed with a terrified gaze upon the opposite side of the creek, and Fred permitted his own eyes to turn in that direction, and to his horror he saw the dark green foliage parted in a dozen places, and the grim, painted face of an Indian warrior appear in each opening!

CHAPTER XX.

A TURKEY-HUNT.

"Hullo, lads! Git outen this! The sun's up and shinin' it over the hill like sixty, and has been for an hour. Time for snoozin's try, and we must be scratchin' graves for new diggins, and—"

"The possum he grinn'd at the old hedg-hog."

"At the old hedg-hog, at the old hedg-hog."

"The possum he grinn'd at the old hedg-hog."

"Way down by the Squamant river," etc.

Thus spoke and sung Old Shadow, as he made his appearance in the midst of a number of forms that lay stretched in slumber beneath the arching boughs of the surrounding trees.

It was morning, and the rising sun had just gilded the tops of the forest trees. The old trapper had been on guard, and as daylight had relieved him from duty, he made his appearance in camp before any of his companions had awakened.

In a few minutes the Avengers were on foot, moving about to exercise their cramped limbs and to drink in the fresh morning air.

"Wal, boys, I hope you feel fresh as a new cut," said the old scout; "but it makes the blood leap in my ole carcass when I think how nigh ye come gittin' yer polls shaved by them are red, whoopin', thiev'n' varlets."

"Well, I should judge we all felt considerably refreshed and rested," said Amos Meredith, "but I suppose you feel none the better for your night of vigilance."

"Ho, the dickens!" exclaimed the scout; "I feel as fresh as a young b'ar arter a night's raid in a pig-pen. Why, bless yer soul, I'm fur Old Shadow to rampage around all day and night too. I'm a tough ole cuss. But that's one thing certain: I'm beginnin' to feel as holler as a dried pokeberry stalk. Haven't had any nutriment for the stummick for two full days. And it strikes me just under the skulp that a roasted turkey wouldn't go bad, or a hump o' rich, juicy venison, if turkey wasn't on the bill o' fare. What say ye, larks?"

"We have to depend on our rifles for food," said one of the Avengers, "and we can't wait without it."

"That's the right cackle," replied the old hunter, "so I'll go out and snatch in a fine gobbler, or a lump o' venison, and you 'uns can strike a fire to knock the stiffness outen it."

"Perhaps one of us had better accompany you?" said young Harriott.

"Oh, the deuce, no!" replied the hunter, slinging his rifle over his shoulder and strolling off into the woods, humming to himself "the ole hedg-hog."

Old Shadow was a true type of the woods,

a born Indian-fighter and hunter. He had one fault, however; he was never still, but where others seemed to succeed by silence and precaution, he seemed to excel by his recklessness and careless habits, or, in other words, more accident.

After leaving the Avengers, he pushed on quite rapidly a mile or more from camp before he began looking for signs of game. At length he came to a little creek whose shores he carefully examined. He saw turkey-tracks in abundance where they had gone down to the water's edge to drink.

Seating himself under cover of some bushes where he could command a fair view of the surrounding, he took from his pocket a small, hollow bone which he placed to his lips and produced a succession of sounds in exact imitation of the hen-turkey's call. Then he listened, but heard nothing. He repeated the call, and, almost instantly, there came to his ears the far-off gobble, gobble of a turkey.

But the old hunter shook his head doubtfully, and after a moment had elapsed he uttered the call again.

Again he was answered.

"Durn my ole riggin'," he exclaimed, to himself; "that's not a genuine, ev'ny hearin' and experience don't 'mount to shucks. No, sirc, bob-tail, that's not a turkey's gobble. It's a blasted red-skin's gubble, and it's hard tellin' what the lopin' varlet is arter. He may be tryin' to git me into trouble, and he may take my call for the genuine article. I'll try it ag'in."

He repeated his call. It was answered immediately, and the sound seemed to be nearer than before.

No, it's not a turkey's answer," he mused, "so far as the imitation's concerned, it'll do, but if my head's wrong, that's too long an interval between each gobble. If it's a red, he's coming up the creek, and I propose to set him up, if he comes nosin' round me; fur I'm hungry as a buzzard, and when I'm hungry Old Shadow knows his temper isn't as sweet and mild as an angel's—oh, no—and the possum he grinn'd—but, see here, old fool, keep still if ye want 'nigin' h'ar."

The old hunter having thus enjoined silence upon himself, stole from his covert, crept down to the water's brink where he carefully encoined himself among some drooping foliage. Here he awaited the transpiration of events.

The sound of footsteps in the water soon caught his practiced ears. He glanced down the stream and saw a savage wading up the creek. He was stepping with all the caution he could master, with eyes and ears on the alert.

Old Shadow chuckled and rubbed his hands with glee in anticipation of a fight with an Indian, which he relished more keenly than a leg of roasted turkey.

The cunning savage came on, but the old hunter could form no idea what he meant by his stealthy movements. He was surely not trying to steal upon a turkey.

"No, sirc!" Old Shadow suddenly exclaimed to himself; "the varlet means deviltry. I can see it in his snake eye—he's arter scalps—ah!"

Just at this juncture the red-skin stopped within three steps of him, and craning his neck, uttered the shrill gobble of the male turkey.

"Now for the tug!" thought Old Shadow, and he at once gave utterance to the "cluck, cluck, cluck" of the hen turkey.

Then he saw the savage turn, and, parting the foliage, peered into his very face.

"Mornin', Mister Red-skin," was the cool, laconic salutation of the old hunter.

The Indian uttered an indignant "Ugh!" and grasped his tomahawk, but, before he could draw it, Old Shadow's long, muscular arm shot out from his shoulder and his bony fist was planted between the red-skin's eyes. Like a leaden weight, the savage fell full length in the water.

Before he could regain his feet, the old hunter followed up the advantage already gained by seizing his adversary by the scalp-lock and "ducking" his head under water.

Although he was partly stunned by the blow that felled him, the savage made a desperate effort to regain his feet. In point of strength he was more than a match for the old hunter, but, the latter's wiry suppleness more than neutralized this advantage.

The struggle waxed warm for several minutes, both combatants kicking, striking and floundering about until they were completely enveloped in a shower of flying water and spray. They fought in silence, neither showing a fear of the other by uttering a sound that could be heard fifty yards away.

The strength of the savage, however, soon began to grow feeble. This Old Shadow noticed more readily than the savage did himself. The old hunter had managed to keep the upper side, and the red-skin's head under water most of the time. Strangulation was telling fast upon the warrior. No weapons were used. Although the old hunter had plenty of chances to do so, he wished to test his physical powers in conflict with a savage, who, he saw, possessed not only the advantage of size, but age—he being in the very prime of manhood.

And the savage seeing the inferiority of his foe's long, lank form and wrinkled face, would show a humiliation to him, though he were in his death throes, by begging for mercy or calling for help, even were it near. Such is the pride of an Indian's spirit.

The struggle lasted but a few moments longer. Victory crowned the old hunter. The savage ceased to struggle, his muscles relaxed, and he sunk down, limp and lifeless, at the scout's feet in the water.

"Thar now, whew!" ejaculated the hunter, with an air of relief; "durn yer lop-side-mug, I guess ye won't go gobblin' round the diggin's soon ag'in, disturbin' one's prospect for a square meal. By flunk! if I'd had a fair breakfast o' juicy venison to leant ag'inst, I'd b'sted yer snoot the fust dip I give ye, ye red, rovin' varlet. Guess I won't dirty my knife with yer filthy skulp—leave it for the buzzards to do, and—"

"The possum he grinn'd at the ole hedg-hog."

"At the ole—"

But, see here, Ole Shader, thar's danger o' makin' a fool o' yerself, and if yer want a turkey, let thar eternal, everlastin' ole hedg-hog alone!"

Thus chastising himself, Old Shadow waded from the stream, and procuring his rifle, proceeded a short distance down the creek. Here he again concealed himself near the water's edge, and producing his bone, began calling for turkeys.

A "genuine gobble" was soon the result of his calls; and presently a large, fine gobbler, with arched neck, inflated wattles and trailing wings, came strutting proudly, yet cautiously, into view from the woods on the opposite side of the creek.

It stopped within easy gunshot of Old Shadow, and the next instant his rifle had cracked, and the deceived fowl was flopping about in his death-throes.

Old Shadow sprung from his ambush, and was in the act of stepping into the stream to wade across after the turkey, when he involuntarily started back, with sudden surprise. But it lasted only for a moment. The cause of it was the presence of the body of his late savage foe, floating on the surface of the water before him. But without giving the lifeless form a second glance, and being eager to secure his game, he stepped into the water and began wading across.

But at this instant there was a quick splash in the water, then the old scout felt his legs seized by the arms of the supposed dead Indian, and his feet jerked suddenly from under him. Then began another terrible struggle in the creek, but this time the savage had the advantage.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 186.)

The Red Scorpion:

OR, THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST," "HOOBLOK," "HUNTER," "HERCULES," "THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PARLIS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

OSCAR STORMS looked vacantly into the face of the girl who announced the death of Mrs. Kurtz.

For a moment he forgot that he supported the senseless form of his betrothed, so great was his astonishment.

But the words of the servant had a double effect.

Lorilyn suddenly recovered from her swoon, and extricated herself from the arms of her lover.

"What! What!" she cried. "Aunt dead?"

"Yes, Miss, she's dead."

"There was an acute pain in Lorilyn's heart as she hurried into the house, and up stairs to the deep gloom of the death-chamber, leaving Oscar to wonder, as well he might, at her singular faint—for she gave him no opportunity to question her.

"Again that strange swoon. What can it mean? As on the night of the party here, when she sat upon the piazza—no one, nothing near her—she faints away. What, what can it be?"

He found Thaddeus Gimp at one of the windows. At the approach of the young man he wheeled quickly around, grasped him by the wrist, and said, in a theatrical whisper:

"I've found out!"

"Found what out?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"The whole business!"

"What business?"

"Villainy!"

"Villainy?"

"Yes. Listen—here—sit down. I'll unfold something to make your head ache in wonder! Sit down!"

The lawyer's peculiar vehemence, his nervous action, the unusual gravity of his countenance, just distinguishable in the weird shade of night's slow advent, filled Oscar Storms with astonishment.

With quick, long strides, Gimp led him to a seat.

"Sh!" he breathed, glancing mysteriously about him.

"Mr. Gimp, what is the matter?"

"Sh!" Another glance around the room, and tightening his hold on his companion's wrist, "Mrs. Kurtz is dead!"

"A servant told me that as I came in."

"And what did she die of—ch?"

"How can I answer that, when the physician in attendance—Oscar could see that the lawyer's pale-blue eyes were considerably enlarged.

This individual was behaving most singular. From Gimp's words he concluded that some discovery had been made. What was that discovery?"

"Mr. Gimp—"

"Sh! not so loud. Where's old devil-face?"

"You mean Vincent Carew?"

"Yes."

"Lorilyn tells me he went away from Birdwood, in company with his servant."

"Didn't you see him on the road?"

"No." He was about to say it would have been impossible for him to meet Carew, having gone no further than the Oz; but, he remembered Lorilyn's injunction, and substituted a question.

"What of him, Mr. Gimp?"

"He's done the whole of it!"

"The whole of what?" Oscar was impatient.

"He killed Eddy Kurtz!"

"Ha!"

"Hush!" Once more he cast a scrutinizing glance around. "And he's killed Mrs. Kurtz!"

An inexplicable thrill darted through Oscar's frame as the lawyer thus spoke. He was silent in his amazement.

"Yes," added Gimp, "it's all his work—and he did it with a scorpion!"

"A scorpion?" Increasing wonder painted Oscar's face.

"Yes; a slimy, poisonous scorpion. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think!" Nor did he.

"You've seen that box they carry around with them?"

"Yes."

"Come with me, and I'll show you what's in it!"

Awed, wondering, amazed, he followed the excited lawyer from the parlor.

Gimp led the way to the room occupied by Vincent Carew and Dyke Rouel. From beneath the latter's bed he drew out the mysterious box.

"Look!" he said, throwing open the cover.

The interior of the box was cased in cotton. On the soft stuff lay a scorpion! It was a beautiful piece of symmetry, of crimson color, and appeared to be sleeping.

Oscar recoiled in fear.

"No danger," Gimp assured him. "It's dead. I killed it. What do you think of that for a pet?—eh? There'll be a howl from old devil-face, when he finds this out—but, if he treads on my toes, I'll roll him up with a cram, and make him swallow himself! I will! With this thing he stung Eddy Kurtz—and the boy died! With this thing he stung Mrs. Kurtz—and she died! If I hadn't found it out, bless my heart! how many more do you suppose he'd have sent on a sudden journey skyward?—hey?"

"Mr. Gimp, this is astounding!" cried Oscar, as the revelation burst upon him with overwhelming clearness.

Gimp restored the box to its place.

"What is to be done?" the young man asked, now also, becoming excited.

"Done? That's clear as unadulterated air! Have him arrested as soon as he gets back."

"Who will arrest him?"

"I will—Thaddeus Gimp. Come—to the parlor. Don't tumble over that chair."

They returned to the parlor. Just as they entered they heard a number of voices exclaim, in chorus:

"Murder!"

"Eh? What's that?" Gimp paused and listened.

A confused mumbling came to their ears; exclamations, shuffling feet, humming ejaculations, sounded in the direction of the dining-hall.

They started for the scene of the noise, and found nearly every servant of the house crowding close to an out-door man, who appeared to be imparting some exciting news.

"What's all this about?—eh?" demanded Gimp, striding in among them.

"Why!—Why!—Why!" began all, simultaneously.

"Silence!" with a stamp of his foot. "One at a time. Now, then?"

"Why, sir, there's been a bloody murder on the L— road, sir!" explained the man; and the females cried out, after him:

"A murder! A murder!"

Thaddeus Gimp would have asked questions; but, Oscar led him away, saying:

"I suspect it is more of Vincent Carew's work."

"Ha! More!" excitedly.

"Lorilyn saw him start to town. I, having something in the city, which I wanted brought out, sent old Cyp, the man at the Oz, on an errand for the article. It is Cyp who has been murdered. Carew was on the road at the same time he was. It was to Carew's interest that I should not receive the article; so, what more likely than—"

"Hark!" interrupted the lawyer.

Horses' hoofs were thundering on the drive. They paused and listened to the approaching sound.

CHAPTER XIX.

VINCENT CAREW glared upon his follower in a way that made the latter's heart thump; and Dyke's already twitching nerves were now strung the tighter, under his combined fears of his master, and of his surrounding.

Cale Fez, too, was displeased at the interruption, and he frowned darkly.

As Dyke covered before the threatening look which fastened upon him, Vincent Carew resumed his seat, and said:

"Now, Cale Fez, proceed. Keep me waiting no longer."

The Obi man spoke not for several seconds; fixing his gaze on the floor, and appearing lost in thought. At last:

"I shall tell you from the beginning. I will be brief, if I can—Stop! Have you drank any water at the house of Karl Kurtz, since we met in the forest?" The question was put with startling quickness.

A deathly pallor overspread the face of Carew. He recalled the afternoon's warning, and he remembered that he had drank once from a pitcher in his room, just after leaving the dueling ground on the night previous; and again from the same pitcher shortly before leaving Birdwood.

"Yes; twice," he answered huskily, as a dread suspicion seized him.

Fez nodded his head, slowly, several times; while he said, in a peculiarly emphatic voice:

"And had you drank *once more*, you would not now be here."

"Would not now be here? What—what do you mean by that?"

"You would be dead!"

"Dead! Dead, you say?"

The villain trembled. He stared frightenedly into the African's face.

"Goody!" exclaimed Dyke; but he checked himself even in the brief word.

"Yes, dead. One more drink would have put you to sleep. What a moment!"

Fez went to a secret drawer in the wall, and obtained therefrom a powder. From another drawer he produced an apple. Placing the powder on a slice of the fruit, he held it out to his visitor, saying:

"Eat."

Carew took

ward the door to escape, but he knew such an attempt would be useless.

"Take the antidote," continued Fez, breaking a silence that was like the air at a cannon's mouth. "Take it, and fear not."

"Will you swear that it is harmless—and an antidote?"

"I will swear to nothing. I give my word. I do not seek to do you harm. Eat, and then I will tell you my secrets."

"This done!"

Carew had swallowed the fruit. He scarce knew why he did so, possessed as he was with suspicions of foul play. But it was down.

"Now, Cale Fez, your secrets," sinking into his chair.

"First let me warn you. You have learned the secret of my calling. Remember!" in a snaky, whispering hiss, "if you ever betray me, I have brethren around me who will hunt you to the death!"

"Fear not on that score; but come to our business."

Folding his arms and again bending his gaze to the floor, the Obi man began to unfold that which he had promised.

He half-closed his eyes, and his voice was strangely deep in his monotone, as he spoke the valuable secrets.

"It was years ago, when the birds of summer sung in the trees, and flowers opened to the warm kiss of golden days, there lived a woman—whose name was Carew—alone with a widowed father, close to this very town."

The eager listener started at the name of Carew was uttered. With scarce a pause, Cale Fez went on:

"Not many months had numbered in her nineteenth year, when there came a lover, who wooed, with whisper and caress, and won her. Strangely, too, his name was Carew; so that when they married her name did not change. They were happy. Two hearts met and melted into one; and bright as the smiles of angels were the hours of their united lives. A child was given them, on which they centered many proud, fond hopes. The name they gave the child was 'Vincent.'"

"Ha! Vincent?" exclaimed Carew; and he added, mentally: "What's this? Am I going to hear the history of my own family?"

"What does he know of my mother?" Then, aloud: "Go on, Cale Fez."

"As the boy-child grew older," resumed the African, "the father and mother sent it to Europe to be educated. While it was there, the father died. Sorrow came in heavy clouds to the widowed mother. But, a consolation, like a gilded star, rose in the horizon of her woes. Another knelt, and poured forth a love-pleading so strong, so sincere, that, gradually, the face of the dead husband was banished from her memory, and her hand was pledged to a second suitor. I had a sister then—she's far off, in the world above us now—and she was employed in the house of the newly-married ones."

"What was the name of the second husband?" asked Carew, interrupting him rather sharply.

"St. Clair."

"St. Clair!" he repeated, with a start; and then, while he listened, he was thinking deeply too.

The second marriage, like the first, gave another soul to the molding of the world. This time, it was a girl. They called it Lorilyn."

"Lorilyn!" Vincent Carew was leaning forward in his chair, his ears pricked, and manner that of intense interest.

Dyke Rouel, was, also, becoming wrapt; his terror partially subsiding as he paid attention to the Obi man.

"The child was beautiful," continued Fez; "and as it grew older, so did its beauty grow more perfect. To father and mother it was an idol. The mother heard no more of the child she had sent to Europe, until this second child was near five years old—and never afterward. Her husband, St. Clair, died. Again she was alone in the world; for the gray-haired father had long since sunk to rest in the grave. Heaven did, indeed, test the courage of her faith. Then there came two suitors: one named Mark Drael; and the other, Herod De Wyn. The first name was an assumed one. The man was a brother to the deceased, and his true name was Robert St. Clair. He came from the West. St. Clair was rejected. She bestowed her affections on De Wyn. The wedding-day was fixed. Enraged, filled with murderous thoughts, Robert St. Clair hired a foreign ruffian to strike out the life of the man who stood in his way. They met here—in my house. They signed a contract, in which Mark Drael—that was his signature—promised, on his part, to give Antoine Martinet any thing he might ask for; which human could furnish—all his wealth, every earthly possession, if demanded—provided that Antoine Martinet, on his part, would remove Herod De Wyn. The deed was done. The instrument used was a scorpion. They obtained it from me, and its sting was doubly venomous by a mixture I composed and fed to it. The life-flame of Herod De Wyn went out as quickly as if crushed by a bolt from the skies. Suspicion of foul work was rife with gossips; but no trace, no evidence could be discovered pointing to any one. Mark Drael made another effort to win the widow's hand. She did not like him, and even in the clear field he had worked for himself, he was sternly rejected. Then, Robert St. Clair realized that he had made a rash bargain with Antoine Martinet. The ruffian, his tool, began to draw upon him in such sums, that utter ruin threatened to be the result. He sought means to stop this drain upon his purse—and hit on a plan. Slyly he went to work. One day, it was whispered, that a man had been seen lurking in the garden of the house in which Herod De Wyn lived. This man answered the description of Antoine Martinet. It was enough. Quick as sleuth-hounds on the track of prey, detectives sprang to the pursuit. But, the hunted man was not asleep. He was not a sloth in his movements. Antoine Martinet, apprised of his danger, fled the country, and never returned. He discovered the hand played by St. Clair, and swore to be even with him."

He paused, and seemed gathering fresh items in his mind, standing silently, and gazing steadfast at the floor.

Carew was now burning with interest. Much of what he had heard he already knew; but, much more was fresh. He sat rigidly in his chair, leaning slightly forward and watching the Obi man intently.

"Go on, Cale Fez! Why do you stop? Is there no more?"

"Yes."

"Then go on, I say!"

"Be patient. I can not speak faster; not would I, if I could. You must hear me

as I choose to tell you. The widow of St. Clair sunk under the blow. The death of the man she was about to marry cut deep into her heart—he stopped short, and glanced quickly at Dyke Rouel.

The black cat had leaped onto the table, and, curling itself up, it began to purr loudly.

Dyke's chair was near the table, and, at the sudden movement of the animal, he recoiled in a way to endanger his equilibrium.

"Go on, Cale Fez!—go on!" exclaimed Carew.

"Maester!—I say!" cried Dyke, recovering himself with a slip and a twist. "Look at that big cat! Look!—it's Beelzebub!"

Carew paid him no heed.

"And what then, Cale Fez? Speak on!" he commanded, impatiently.

"She died," said Fez, in his slow, thoughtful tone.

"Well, 'she died,' repeated Carew.

"What next?"

"There was a strange shadow in the lives of all whose hearts pulsated the blood of a Carew. A Phantom face—"

"Ha! A 'Phantom face!' You say there was a Phantom face following those whose blood was of the Carew line?" His fingers were twitching till the knuckles cracked; his manner was greatly excited.

"Yes. A Phantom."

"How do you know this? How have you gained these family secrets?"

"Pscat!" hissed Dyke, making as if to strike the animal on the table.

But, the cat moved not; only switched its tail and widened its glistening eyes; and he retreated, making faces at it.

"I have told you I had a sister, who was employed in the family," answered the Obi man to Carew's question. "What I did not learn myself, she told me. But, listen."

This Phantom had the face of a beautiful girl; and when the mother noticed that her features were close in their resemblance to the mysterious apparition. How it came to haunt the lives of the Carews, I know not—its first appearance dated back through many generations; and it only showed itself when one of the line was threatened by a more than ordinary danger. It was kept a secret. People would not have believed in the existence of such a thing had they been told of it. Just before her death, the mother wrote out an explanation of the Phantom, as far as she knew; and also, of her different marriages—entrusting the paper to her nurse, my sister, with instructions to give it to Lorilyn, when she arrived at the age of eighteen. But, my sister was stricken with disease. I tried hard to save her; in vain. She died.

"About the time she died, Robert St. Clair felt his conscience pricking him. Assuming the name of Karl Kurtz, he proclaimed himself Lorilyn's uncle—but, he did not do it publicly. He showed a letter purporting to have been written to him just before the widow's death, summoning him to take charge of the child. On her death-bed, when she yielded up Lorilyn to him, my sister gave him the document. Had she not been partly delirious, and only half-conscious of what she did, she would have seen that the man who called himself Karl Kurtz could not, by his name, justly claim what he did."

"Some time after he came to me, bringing the papers with him. He saw—for he had opened and read it—by the explanations it gave, that if Lorilyn read it, it would expose him. Being engaged to a lady at the time as Karl Kurtz, such exposure would ruin his prospects. Not wishing to keep the article from his niece—she, even at her early age, full of eagerness in the knowledge that there was something of the kind being preserved for her—he asked me to revise and alter it to suit him; offering to pay me liberally."

"I was an adept in imitating the handwriting of others, and I craved such portions as he pointed out, by use of chemicals—filling in again words of his dictation. He married, Lorilyn has grown up; and he loves her fondly. But, she dreams not of what villainy her uncle is guilty; she does not imagine the trick that has been played upon her. That is all. You have my secrets."

There was that in the recital he had listened to which well might arouse Vincent Carew to a pitch of excitement threatening the loss of self-control.

"He does not know I am the first child of Margaret Carew!" he thought. "How can he? And what has he told me?—Susan! what tale is half of this? Shall I believe it?"

For, like the boom of thunder in his ears, rung the revelation that Lorilyn was his half-sister!

He shifted his position uneasily. Here, then, was the explanation of Lorilyn's resemblance to the Phantom which haunted him. The solution of her remarkable faint on the piazza, when he had heard her cry out as if at the presence of some dreaded shape, was arrived at.

And he had been about to force her to wed him! Wicked as he was, dark and devilish each drop of blood, each muscle of his heart, a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, as he saw how narrow had been his escape from the perpetration of a deed which would have damned him on the records of heaven!

Perhaps it was at that moment a vision of his recent crimes—a picture of his heinous guilt, with his victims frowning at him from beyond the pale of earth—rose up, and wound a cord of terror round his brain.

As he stared at the hideously-pictured walls, he fancied he saw Eddy Kurtz—then the face of the murdered mother; finally, the ebon features of the man he had shot down, in cold blood, on the road, only a few hours past.

His mind was seething; a parched feeling came into his throat; and his sinister countenance, at first of a sickly paleness, now reddened, purpled, he struggled with the overwhelming thoughts, fancies, conjurings, which gripped his faculties—succeeded in mastering himself, and, venting a curse, sprung from his chair.

"Have you told me all, Cale Fez? Is there no more?"

"There is no more," replied Fez, calmly. "By the fangs of the eternal fires! you have earned your five hundred dollars; and he paced the room, with hands pressed against his temples, his bloodshot eyes wild and fierce in their look."

"Beware!" said the Obi man, in a solemn tone. "If you drink water at Birdwood, drawn from the well by any hand save your own, you will speedily die!"

"I will not forget your warning. Come, Dyke—"

"Yes, maester!"

At Carew's call, Dyke Rouel was glad enough to be gone, and he made a bound toward the door.

"We are going, Cale Fez. I want air. I shall strangle if I remain here longer."

Fez nodded his head, but said nothing. He looked after them, though, with a grim smile, and when they had disappeared, he laughed, in a low, sepulchral strain:

"Ha! ha! ha! you think I do not know you, Vincent Carew! It might be, were it not for my loitering near Birdwood mansion, where I heard your name a hundred times or more. Go ahead—make what you may out of my secrets; but you'll not marry Lorilyn St. Clair, now, I venture."

With Dyke Rouel tripping and jumping at his heels, Vincent Carew strode from the hall.

The sun was low in its western field, and he hastened in the direction of the stable where he had left the horses.

"Maester, I'm so glad we're safe out of that awful place! Goody! I never was so frightened!"

Carew did not hear him. This man of crime—stained soul was hurrying onward, with head bowed, and mind absorbed.

"I see—I see," he muttered. "The stronger hold Cale Fez meant was that I should threaten to expose Mark Drael to his family—the deceit and trickery he has practiced upon them. But his name is Robert St. Clair! Ah!—he loves Lorilyn. If she knew that her uncle's wickedness had caused the death of her mother, she would turn from him. If people knew that the wealthy and esteemed Karl Kurtz was a man of three names—two of these assumed to cloak his past doings—that, together with an exposure of his league with Antoine Martinet, would indeed crush him to the earth! Ha! ha! ha!"

Despite the condition of his thoughts, he laughed hollowly—a laugh that was like a tigerish growl—and quickened his strides.

"Come on, Dyke Rouel; come on!"

"Yes, maester, I'm a-coming. But, I say, maester, have we got to go back over that same road, past—past the dead body?" the last with a shiver.

There was no answer. When they were mounted, Carew struck his spurs savagely into the animal he bestrode, and the two headed for Birdwood, at a brisk gallop. It was near daylight.

As they passed the city limits, and dashed along the smooth, level road, Dyke kept close to his master, while he glanced shudderingly at the spectral shadows formed by the trees on their either side.

Carew was again muttering:

"So, he sought my life? He purchased poison of Cale Fez to administer to me? One does more, and I will not have been dead, eh? Now then, Robert St. Clair, look to yourself! Better for you had you died in birth than to rouse this devil within me! Dread, dread are the shadows that shall close in on Birdwood now!"

Two horsemen, going toward the city, were tearing along the road. In a moment they came up—in another moment they were speeding away from him.

"But the matter?" cried Carew.

"Murder!" was shouted back, and they were out of hearing.

The rattling of the horses' hoofs, as it grew fainter and fainter, sounded with ominous echoes through the lining forests, and he who halted in the road was looking after the disappearing horsemen in a vacant way.

"So they've found it out? It was not long coming to light."

"Maester," sniffed his follower, "didn't he say they'd found out about the—the murder?"

"Yes. Come on. Follow."

"But, suppose they should come after us? Oh! my! my! hadn't we better run, maester? I think we had—indeed I do."

"Fool! how can they trace it to us? Guard your tongue, and we are safe. A hint, a careless word, and we shall suffer!"

"Don't you think there's any danger?" continued Dyke, falteringly.

"None was the brief reply; and the word was uttered sharply.

"O—h!" Dyke groaned, "I wish you hadn't done it, maester. It's awful!"

"Silence! You gabble too much."

"Yes, maester—I won't say any more," with another groan that ended in a half-whimper.

A large crowd was congregated on the porch of the Oz when they neared it.

"Hold, Dyke; we'll go in here. I want some liquor to steady my brain."

"Why, liquor won't steady the brain, maester! I'll make you tipsy."

"Do as I tell you," dismounting with the words.

Dyke imitated his movement, and they entered the bar-room.

The murder was being freely discussed; loud opinions and angry sentences were to be heard on every side.

Jerry O'Connough, behind his counter, was talking with two stalwart farmers. The latter seemed more sober and thoughtful than others about them, and they regarded the comers with a close, scrutinizing glance.

O'Connough recognized Vincent Carew, and turned to wait upon him.

"Did ye hear the news?" asked the Irishman, setting out the liquor called for.

"Yes, I heard it as I came along," answered Carew, indifferently, and pouring out a heavy drink.

"It's kilt intirely I am," said Jerry, in a sad way. "Niver the likes has been near this place afore, an' I'm afraid it's few's the way 't stop at the Oz any more, at all. Ah! the devil—the devil! Poor codd Cyp!"

Dyke pulled at his master's sleeve.

"Let's get away," he whispered.

Carew paid for his drink, and they returned to their horses.

The vile stuff he had swallowed nerved him in its artificial warmth.

The beasts were again urged forward over the gloomy road.

"Did you see the big crowd, maester? Goody! If they find out who did it, we'll be pulled to pieces!" One man said, if he could get hold of the murderer, he'd run him through a fodder-cutter, headfirst!

"Be still. Don't talk so much," and then his taxed mind forced fresh mutterings from his lips.

"Since I can not have Lorilyn St. Clair, no one else shall! My rival—curse him!"

he shall not lead her to the altar. I'd stab her first. Ha! Dyke! Look!—look!"

Carved in the air before him was the Phantom face.

Only by a superhuman effort did he control himself sufficiently to catch at the pomel of his saddle. The action saved him from falling.

Dyke saw him reeling dizzily, and he leaped forward to support him.

But the Phantom vanished in a second, and Carew's strength returned.

"Come on!" he cried, in a thick voice. "To Birdwood!"

The horses started at a thundering pace, and Dyke Rouel, fearing that he might be left behind, kicked in his stirrups, jerked the reins, and occasionally struck the animal over the ears with his skull-cap.

It was when Vincent Carew uttered those words, which involved a threat upon Lorilyn's life—when he staggered before the apparition—that Lorilyn, ascending the piazza steps, at Birdwood, also saw the Phantom.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 132.)

The Spider and the Fly.
A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I don't care what anybody says! I don't see any harm in it, and I am going to do it, just for fun."

She gave a parting glance at the tiny white envelope in her hand, that was addressed, in her own pretty handwriting, to a curious-named personage—"ELVELLEN, Box N. Y. P. O."—then, when she thought the postman did not observe, slid the mysterious little letter in the aperture, and went away, happily unconscious of the scrutiny, in one direction, of a black-haired, heavily-mustached man, whose bold black eyes lost not a change of expression on her pretty face.

She was pretty, undeniably, with her long, golden hair floating in crimped waves down her shoulders; her large, merry, brown eyes; her pink cheeks and creamy-white skin; and not only did the Spanish-looking fellow's eyes gleam over her beauty, as she gracefully walked out of the post-office, but another pair of eyes, looking from behind the boxes, lightened at her approach, and then, when they followed the letter she deposited, and saw the superscription, suddenly darkened with grave apprehension.

"Can it be possible I am so mistaken in Lulu Eldredge? Well—"

His self-asked question was not answered, even by a continuance of the thought.

And pretty Lulu walked away, down the street to her father's house, wondering whether or not "Elvellen" would answer her letter, and who and what "Elvellen" was?

And she could not help thinking, too, of Will Armitage, and wondering if he would recognize her handwriting as he assorted the letters for the mail.

To be sure she had disguised it, by writing backhanded; but, then, Will Armitage had in his possession sundry little notes of hers that she had written in acceptance of invitations for carriage rides, concerts and the like.

Then, suppose Will had been such a splendid escort; was it any reason why she, Lulu Eldredge, need consult him? He was not her lover—and Lulu, with a little curl of her lips, assured herself that, if he had been, she would not have consulted him—no, he was merely a very desirable gentleman friend, whose friendship and esteem Lulu of course wished to retain.

Of course Will Armitage could have nothing to do with this little on-the-sly romance Lulu was determined to enjoy; and then, having satisfactorily determined as much in her own mind, she began to look and wait for an answer from "Elvellen," whose advertisement for a lady correspondent Lulu had answered—"just for fun."

"Well, Chris, here's a go! Look at this bushel basket of letters, and then tell me, if you dare, that the women are not all fools!"

He was a heavily-bearded man who spoke, about thirty or thirty-five years old; with bold, inquisitive eyes, that were restlessly flashing all the while; and just now there was a sneer of triumph in them.

"Chris" laughed, and selecting an envelope at random, tore it open, and read the contents.

"Shallow! No woman of moral decency would reply to an advertisement, though—"

His companion—"Elvellen" it was—interrupted him.

"You're mistaken, Chris. D'ye see this? I happened in Fordham the other day, and accidentally saw this letter mailed by just the prettiest, most lady-like little girl you ever had the fortune to see."

He reached Lulu Eldredge's letter over the heap for Chris to read.

"The—dickens! Of course you inquired all about her real name and her prospects?"

"You bet! She's old Eldredge's only child—you know Eldredge, Superintendent of the Globe Mining Company?—worth a cool eighty thousand if a cent."

And "Elvellen's" eyes fairly snapped with ill-boding satisfaction.

"You'll answer it, of course; and what then?"

"Make her my private gold mine! Get her to promise to marry me, you know; send her a ring, perhaps, and then, when I've made her commit herself irrevocably on paper, go to see the old gentleman, and demand either Miss Lulu's hand, or a thousand dollars apiece for her letters. Eh—Chris, a cute dodge that?"

Then they both laughed and commented on their luck; and drank several times from a bottle that Elvellen produced from a dirty cupboard.

Afterward there was a daintily written, gentlemanly, refined letter sent to "Eglantine, Fordham P. O."; and when pretty, foolish Lulu went to sleep the night of its receipt, it was to dream of Elvellen.

"Bertie Carlyon" was his real name, he said, for he could not find it in his heart to withhold it from so fair a correspondent. Would Miss Eglantine give him her name? He was sure it was something sweet and musical!

Poor little Lulu! How she despised Will Armitage and his honest efforts to win her; how her heart fluttered and her cheeks flushed as she thought of Bertie, "Mrs. Bertie Carlyon"—it sounded splendidly—"Lulu Armitage"—pshaw, what a fool she was!

Latterly, there had come a great change

over Lulu Eldredge; and no one noticed it more than Will Armitage.

He came around to see Lulu quite often; and though she was uniformly pleasant and gracious, there was a certain coldness of demeanor that cut him to the heart. Not that he was unaware of the cause; there were enough bulky letters passing between Lulu and Mr. Bertie Carlyon to explain it.

So, very gradually, the breach widened, and Will came to know that there was no place in Lulu's heart for him. But who was this idol she had enshrined?

Then, with the good of the girl he loved now at heart, Will, like the true, honest man he was, went to Mr. Eldredge, and told him all he knew, from the day of the letter to "Elvellen," and all he feared from this correspondence with Bertie Carlyon.

As Will expected, Mr. Eldredge was shocked beyond expression, and then they set to work to save their darling, while yet there was time.

Very sweet and fair she looked that bright winter afternoon, and as Will Armitage bowed to her at the window before he came up the steps, he thought never had Lulu looked so charming before.

She had put on a heavy black silk dress, that was made and trimmed in the most approved style. A collar of the finest lace nestled over a bright pink silken neck-tie; her pink coral and gold jewelry, and her elegantly arranged hair, made altogether as fair a picture as one would wish to see.

And besides all these careful points in her toilette, there was a glowing light in her brown eyes, and a deeper rose hue in her cheeks than usual, and the secret was in a letter she carried in her pocket. Bertie Carlyon was coming that afternoon!

Now, as she heard Will Armitage's step in the hall, a feeling of impatience came over her. Must he always be in her way?

Then she arose to meet him, and very coolly took him into the library, and told him "papa would be at leisure in a few minutes," and went back to her post at the front window, to wait until four o'clock, the time she was to meet her lover at the corner of Blank street.

At five minutes of four she had donned saque, furs and hat; and then her father came in the parlor.

"How fortunate to find you in, Lulu! The sleigh is at the side door, and I am going to take you for a ride. Come, dear, I am in somewhat of a hurry."

Here was a dilemma; and to impatient Lulu, who had waited four months for her suitor to come, one she could not brook.

"Oh, papa, but I can't go, really. I have an engagement at four that I don't care to break. Next time I will go, and thank you."

Mr. Eldredge looked keenly at her a moment.

"Lulu, you must go with me. I have business to attend that may need a witness."

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Albert W. Aiken's

A STRANGE GIRL.

commences in the coming issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. In this somewhat peculiar story we have a new and novel line of characters, well calculated to command attention and to create remark.

The Strange Girl,

The New England Village Belle,

The Minstrel Troupe Adventurer,

The Retired Sea Captain,

The Mill Owner,

The Mill Owner's Son,

The Mill Hand and Ruffian,

The Mysterious Old Woman,

all are really *en genre* as creations, proving how careful a reader of human nature is the author.

New England Mill life is very fully brought out incidentally, in the narrative of the Strange Woman's daily life and heart-experiences. She is, herself, an anomaly—a mystery—a puzzle; but whose relations to the subtle Adventurer and to the true hero of the story, are in such striking contrast as to present as seemingly with two persons in the one woman.

The story is written in the author's characteristically graphic and dramatic style—each chapter being a most impressive and striking episode, which, on the stage, would "bring down the house."

Readers of popular romance will give this fine contribution most hearty welcome, and will pronounce it, *par excellence*, the serial of the Season.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Practical View of It.—Among the curiosities of the correspondence which drift in upon us are letters from both sexes—young people—who canvass the question of marriage. A young woman, for instance, living in a central part of New York State, says: "I am of a marriageable age, in fair circumstances, and wish very much to marry, but the young men most all go away to the city and those who remain behind do not appear to want to marry," and she asks—"What can a girl do in such a case?"

Of course we can only answer—"You can do nothing." As custom prohibits women from making advances to the men they love, they are powerless even to betray their wishes; so that, if the men will not take the initiative, there is no possibility of hastening or multiplying marriages.

There is, however, a view of this matter which ought to be well considered by the woman. Why don't the young men want to marry? The answer is partially contained in the following extract, which a young man in Lancaster, Pa., remits to ask our view of its correctness:

"But in these days our fashionable girls have ceased to seem any thing but most expensive luxuries. The burdens their wifedom would entail are absolutely appalling. There is no use of talking about it; men must be economical. They, in spite of all speculative haste to get rich, or perhaps, on account of such speculations, have learned that the only law of wealth is to save. To earn more than one expense is the inalienable condition of becoming wealthy. What are men to do, then, when matrimony brings them the prospect of a current outlay far beyond their ability to provide? They shun the altar."

This, however, we shall accept with a proper grain of allowance. Very true as applied to "fashionable girls," it is not true as applied to girls born and bred—as our lady correspondent in Central New York evidently has been—to still in household labor, and with most admirable qualifications for being a helpmeet to a husband struggling for a fortune. Such girls are everywhere to be wooed and won; and the young man who starts out in life with the idea that marriage is an expensive adventure is simply committing a lamentable mistake. Marriage should be, in every sense, a desirable venture, and if it is not so it is simply because the right girl is not chosen.

If young men would cease to pay attentions to the poppin' of society—to run after girls whose idea of life are all associated with dress and "position"—if they would, on the contrary, seek out the girls of solid worth and sensible ideas regarding their mission and life-titles—society would soon hasten to so remodel its ordinances as to make good house-keeping a virtue and industry in girls a real merit. All girls want to marry; it is unnatural not to want man's best love; and this fact would surely lead the candidates for marriage to a proper preparation for the great duties that marriage involves, if the young men were less influenced in their associations by ideas of "standing" and "position." Let young men seek out the farmers' daughters, the teachers, the governesses—the workers, in fact, giving them the first consideration, and, our word for it, good wives would be the rule and unhappy alliances the exception.

BEWARE OF THAT MAN!

BEWARE of that man who passes the most of his time on the corners of the streets, and whose only seeming occupation is to make remarks—not very complimentary ones—on the passers-by. Such a man can not be one who has good feelings at heart. It strikes me he could have something better to do than lounge about the corners. And, young men, if you value your good opinion, and wish us girls to think well of you, don't stand on the sidewalk and gaze at us as we come out of church. You may think it pleases us, but it doesn't, one bit! What's more, it'll gradually draw you into the style of corner-loading, and that's an abomination.

Beware of that man who has for a friend and companion one whom he is not willing to introduce into his household, or allow him to associate with his sisters. He can not be good himself, for you know one can not touch pitch without being defiled. I don't think the male sex are half careful enough as regards their companions—it may be that we girls are too particular—though I think such is not the case. Willie is always talking about Jake being "a good-hearted fellow," and all that, and when mamma hears him say so, she asks why Willie doesn't bring this same Jake home with him some time and let her notice his "good-heartedness." Willie declines, on the score that Jake's a good enough street acquaintance, but scarcely one whom a fellow would like to bring home with him. When you hear such a remark as that, you may rest assured that Jake is a low sort of personage, and Willie is not one whit better.

Beware of that man who is so prone to talk of his female acquaintances in the sneering manner which he does. With such a man be very guarded in your speech. If he makes sport of what others have said, what security have you that he will not do the same by you?

Avoid that man who will show the letters he receives from his lady friends, as if they were as common property as the lines in a newspaper. Many of us are too prone to write down our feelings on paper as they occur to our minds, little thinking they may be shown here and there, and often made sport of. But a man who will show a confidential letter to another is not one whose society should be courted: and I tell you, girls, to beware of that man!

Beware of that man who mopes at sacred things and makes a jest of all religion. Such a person can not be honorable or upright; if he has no feeling of love and kindness for a Heavenly Being, he certainly will not for one of earthly mold. His heart must be a selfish one, it will not assimilate with the nobler beings who surround him, and who should shun him as they would a poisonous adder. We should be thankful that there are very few of these despicable beings around us.

Beware of that man who would overwork those in his employ. Such a person is very apt to be a tyrant, and a man who is a tyrant will not make a good husband, and really good husbands are what we need, for I know that there are plenty of bad ones. Girls don't look well before they leap into matrimony—scarcely ever thinking whether a man has as handsome a heart as his face; his income is thought more of than his character. Why, don't you know that some of these men always have their "company manners" with them when they go courting? And we think they are always going to act so, but, I am sorry to add, we get most grievously mistaken, sometimes! It's best to inquire a little more particularly into the *every-day* life of our swains. Our brother can find out for us; but if his verdict is unfavorable, and he hints of wrong acts, glossed over as "wild oats," let me tell you to beware of that man.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Whitehorn Interviewed.

(From the Scientific Review.)

WE, the Committee selected by the Society for the Advancement of Science, to call upon Mr. Whitehorn and ascertain what he knew about Bugs, beg to make the following

REPORT.

We called upon Mr. W. this afternoon, and found him in studious shirt-sleeves, with his learned feet philosophically placed upon the intelligent mantelpiece, while he was profoundly engaged in eating parched corn. As we entered he rose to receive us—not without first taking his feet down—but found that both his legs were sound asleep and painfully numb. We each shook hands with the old philosopher and he greeted each with a smile which seemed to be invariably cut very short off as the shaking of his hand each time half woke up his legs and made him groan.

Moreover, his patience, humility and reticence are necessary qualifications for a refined lady, she will have learned more than she is aware of, or can at her tender age appreciate, while acquiring one of the rules of dinner etiquette.

When we consider that the main object in learning rules of etiquette, is to render us agreeable to each other, none of those rules will seem frivolous or unworthy of our attention. If, however, a selfish and egotistical motive urges us to become refined, in the conversational sense of the word, we have made a irredeemable mistake. We have mistaken the shadow for the substance; we have substituted the outward for the interior grace.

In educating our children in this great republic, we should endeavor to give them, if possible, all the exterior graces of that great Duke of Marlborough, whom Chesterfield tells us was "of a beautiful figure, but whose manner was irresistible by either man or woman."

But, while instilling that subtle refinement in our young, we must remember we are not coming up to the requirements of the age, nor fulfilling the duties which new occasions teach, if we inculcate the debasing lesson that those refinements and graces are to be used for selfish purposes and egotistical, worldly advantages.

In truth, true refinement is unselfishness in small things, or has its manifestation in small sacrifices and concessions which contribute to the happiness of others. This motive renders the care of the person, the attention to health, the modulation of the voice, the control of the muscles of the face, the study of a smile, a bow or glance of the eye, the minute attention to matters of dress and taste, and the nice observance of the rules of etiquette, a high duty, resulting in that refinement of heart and mind to

1620, and as far back as 1560, and they have grown up with the country.

"I remember," said Mr. W., referring to reminiscences and another, "handful of mine who went to bed in a Delaware hotel, but got into a little difficulty with the regular occupants of the bed—those domesticated bugs—and 'went out on a fly,' leaving his wooden limb in bed, and slept—no, waked the balance of the night on the floor. In the morning," said Mr. Whitehorn, spitting a piece of a tooth out which he had just broken off with a hard grain of corn, "in the morning he found the bugs under a mistaken apprehension, had eaten the wooden limb all up."

He computed the profits on the bugs that reside with him to be about nine hundred dollars a year.

They had been originally sent to him to put into his collection of Natural History, but had eaten through the box.

He said he had known *severals* who had spent years of their lives in trying to find some way to make these animals useful to mankind, but all had failed except himself.

Of other bugs, said Mr. Whitehorn, gathering up a pan of corn which he had accidentally knocked off the table, of other bugs there are what is called the various kinds of bugs.

Perhaps the worst species of the bug persuasion and not altogether the most uncommon is what is called a bug in your coffee; they are not healthy to take. Husbands who have heavy insurances on their lives will find it to their policy to strain their coffee.

There is the "bug in your ear," a species of insect that is very common and flies around at all seasons. We take great delight in catching them for the benefit of other folks, and we sometimes get them in our own ears and they don't bite good.

The big bug, a very little bug, is always flying in your eyes and making a noise, and itself disagreeable.

There is a bright little insect," said Mr. Whitehorn, when he had got the grain of corn out of his windpipe and wiped his eyes, and had quit coughing, "with golden-hued wings and a sweet little voice, which we have chased many an hour, and it is called the humbug. It looks like a harmless little thing, yet we have found that its bite is quite painful, but still how we do like to catch it!"

"The 'bug in your hash,'" Mr. W. thought, was of a variety of species, the handiest upon them, in the helpless days of their childhood, entitle their parents to regard and consideration.

"For children to place their parents in a ridiculous light before others, mocking their doings, or appearing too conscious of their old-fashioned manners, is only a proof of their own weakness, and will lessen them in the esteem of any amiable person."

For children to assume the most comfortable and the most conspicuous places, or, in any way, to intrude themselves first, to the neglect of their parents, is a very grave fault.

It is desirable to take the first step in the courtesies of the day, which engender so much pleasant feeling, by meeting the different members of the family with a cheerful "Good-morning."

It is highly desirable that, at table, the same rules of precedence, the same moderation and nicely be observed which would be practiced if guests were present. Fixed habits of politeness will only be attained where they are cultivated at home.

No scrambling, haste, untidiness, or noise should be allowed among the young members of the circle. They should be taught to wait quietly until their elders are served, to eat without unseemly greediness, and drink without labored breathing, or spasmodic sounds. If early trained to propriety, it will not be necessary to insist upon the table every time that company is present. Such banishment will tend to make them awkward and lacking in self-possession; though, of course, well-governed children will wait cheerfully when there is necessity for it.

A pleasant "thank you," or "I'm obliged to you," spoken by one sister to another, to a brother, or a mother, for a favor conferred, will last, even in a selfish point of view, for it will increase the *disposition to be kind*, and will lighten the burden of any little service unasked for. Children should never press around a visitor with the question, "How long are you going to stay?" nor around a relative or parent, returned from an absence, with, "What have you brought me?" "Did you bring me any thing pretty?" If they have reason to expect a present, let them refrain from alluding to it, lest the friend should suspect they thought more of the gift than of welcoming the giver.

If a new member enters the family, as the bride of a brother, or the husband of a sister, true good-breeding can never appear to better advantage, than in the kind reception and treatment of the new-comer. Ideas and habits in such an one, differing from those of the circle into which he or she may have come, should not be too severely criticised; for, it should be remembered, they have probably been differently educated. Even faults should be as charitably viewed as possible; and where respect and love are impossible, it is still best for those who must dwell together, to exercise Christian forbearance, and not forget such courtesies as the case admits of.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

There is no ornament inside or out of our houses so cheap as plants or flowers. Few pause to regard the architecture of your rooms or your house, but the beauty of flowering shrubs, or the living arabesque of a thirly creeper over your door, are lessons of taste and beauty. Indeed, suburban residences are sadly deficient without these simple, yet beautiful accessories, always within the reach of taste and refinement; no matter how empty the purse. As the real necessities of life require the least expenditure of time and money, so the objects which tend truly to satisfy the love of the beautiful in nature are within the reach of our humblest children.

WISHING TO BE YOUNG.

"Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake. Ten to one you wouldn't have it again if you could.

If old Time were to come bodily to you to-day, saying, "Take back, oh wise middle-aged Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and sound-headed, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; worry through a second time all the light boots and tribulations, all the toothaches and heartaches of your youth; do, be and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more just the soft young Noodle you were twenty years ago!"—ten of mankind's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail for your lost youth, that you answer, "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well tip those twenty golden sand-grains back into the lower half of your hour-glass. I do not want them!"

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return, the correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit, or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS.; as copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to decline "G. W.," "Bije," "What She Saw," "The Schoolmaster's Trial," "Old Joe's Catastrophe," "Persistence in Love," "The Grange Mystery," "Mrs. Grosvenor's Big Party," "A Lucifer Match," "She and He," "A Senator's Catch," "Mr. Hunter's Border," "Room 95," "No, I Tell You," "Sixteen To-day," "Birds of Passage," "A Green Memory."

These contributions we place on file for further consideration: the serials, "Two Loves and Two Hates," "Grosvenor," "A Castle in the Air." The budget of essays by Mary B. J. The poems from C. P. S. Newbury.

We will find room for "Freedom's Monument," "Paid in His Own Coin," "It Might Have Been," "A Woman's Folly," "Six Years," "A Man's Love," "Proved True," "Lizzie's Sacrifice."

J. T. The MS. is held for unpaid postage.

Miss H. M. C. We can not supply other papers with our discarded matter. When we decline a MS. it is not ours to dispose of. Of course some of the matter declined is well worthy of use elsewhere.

Gressie. Don't use violet or blue ink in writing for the press. It makes poor copy. Use black ink on white paper—then each word is quickly and easily read by editor and compositor. As a matter of considerable importance. Colored inks are an editor's abomination.

G. A. M. The proper initial is the first letter of your surname.

ARTHUR. "Pretty writing" is usually excused from a composition, for it is almost without exception worthless to the narrative proper. Literary "splices" is a very expressive word, and a matter of no small importance in a rhetorical sea, wherein editors and readers alike usually wish the writer had fendered.

CERULEA. The *Necktie Sociable* is thus explained and managed: The lady attending the sociable dresses in a colored dress, and makes a necktie of the same material, and wears it in a bag, and the gentlemen of the party each draw one blindfold, being cautioned to pay particular attention to the lady whose dress matches the cravat.

Mrs. HOMER. We have no knowledge as to the salaries paid female teachers in this State, as Vassar College, but suppose the graded scale to run from \$1000 to \$500 per year, board included. City school-teachers are paid about the same graded scale, but have to board themselves. As a matter of fact, men teachers receive from one-third to one-half more in the same positions, and for the reason that, as a usual thing, they are more efficient, and assume more responsibilities.

MISS J. W. The ocean is salt, not because of the existence of salt deposits in its basin, but for the reason that the evaporating vapor from its surface is wholly fresh—leaving behind all the saline matter which is borne to the ocean basin by inland streams. Salt is a very common substance, and is found in being held in solution by water, is, of course, precipitated by evaporation—or rather, when the water is evaporated, the salt is left behind. This being the case it follows that the ocean is getting salt every year, but the process is so slow as to be almost imperceptible.

ROBERT H. A carat is, with diamond dealers, four "diamond grains," i. e., weight—little lighter than four Troy grains; that is, 74.16 grains carat equal 72 grains Troy. But, as applied to the quality of gold, it is a manufactured standard, and is purely conventional. We say, of an ounce of gold, it is 23 carats fine—that is, 23 out of 24 parts are pure gold. The diamond standard is from the bean *kuara*, used in Africa for weight in buying or selling gold. In India the bean is also used as a weight for gems and pearls.

Yours ARTHUR. Ancient manuscripts were written without accents, stops or separation between the words; nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between the words.

MISS GRACE GRACE sends us her *carte de visite*, and demands to know: "First, Am I good-looking or beautiful; and next, ought to go with more than one bean at a time?" As to the first question, most confidently assert that you are as beautiful as your picture; and, as to the second query, we say—"one bean is enjoyable, but two beans are not, ought, by reasonable inference, to be two or three or four times more so. The only difficulty in the case is to keep the picture from falling in front of more than one bean at a time!"

INQUIRER. A late regulation of the post-office permits us to obtain what is called a "Money Order," for small amounts, and in payment of any part of the country. The fee is one dollar and fifty cents for fifty dollars, and this secures the safe delivery, or the return to the sender of the money.

F. MOORE. The diamond standard is from the bean *kuara*, used in Africa for weight in buying or selling gold. In India the bean is also used as a weight for gems and pearls.

BLACKSTONE. Black diamonds have no great value, for they possess no beauty, and yet they are invaluable in mining and engineering, for their great hardness renders them capable of drilling through the hardest rocks.

SLEEPY. You should not spring out of bed the moment you are awakened in the morning. The circulation has been paralyzed by a sudden start, and should have a few moments to become restored.

LAUNDRY. You can remove iron rust from white goods by wetting the spots with a solution of one ounce of oxalic acid to one quart of water.

DROVER. You can prevent your cows and oxen from leaping fences by tying a light, board board to their horns, and allowing it to fall down in front of their faces. A few weeks of this will cure their jumping propensities.

VINEYARD-TENDER. In the East Indies they use a variety of aloes to preserve wood from insects, and it is of such benefit there that many are using the same here.

FLORIST. You can restore withered flowers in the following way: place the spots in a bucket of hot water, deep enough to cover one-third of the length of the stem, and by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh.

TRAVELER. The "Bamboo Habit" is a Chinese invention, and used by all Chinese fishermen. It consists of four bamboo sticks, so arranged as to form a square, which is placed around the waist of a person and secured by a strap. Though a contrivance, it will easily save one from drowning.

COACHMAN. The hoofs of your horses will not become cracked and split with mud or snow, if you rub them well with soap before driving them out.

SCHOOLBOY. Your plan was a good one, but the best method of saving a person from drowning in an ice hole is to shove a plank out upon the ice, the person, or by a rope stretched out across the hole so as to allow the person to catch hold of it.

BARTENDER. If you wish to restore sour wines, put a small quantity of potash powder into the wine, shake it well, let it stand for forty-eight hours, and then pour it out steadily and slowly.

FRUIT-DEALERS. You should, to keep your apples and pears from rotting, place them in baskets with soft paper in the bottoms and around the edges; then put in a layer of fruit, and over that another layer of paper, and so on, alternately, until the baskets are full, when you cover the top with paper three or four layers thick to exclude air and frost.

LIBRARIAN. To take out grease-spots from books or papers, gently warm the spotted part with a clean blotting-paper, withdraw as much of the grease as possible, and then, with a brush, apply some essential oil of turpentine, heated almost to a boiling stage; lastly, with another brush, go over the place with rectified spirits of wine.

SUFFERER. A sure cure for corns is to apply, night and morning, the strongest acetic acid.

CARPENTER. Fine shreds of India rubber, dissolved in warm copal varnish, make a waterproof cement for wood of all kinds.

MRS. JOHN SMITH. Manufacture your own "bug poison" as follows: Proof spirit, one pint; camphor, two ounces; oil of turpentine, four ounces; corrosive sublimate, one ounce; all well mixed.

JOCKEY. To cure horses when they become knee-sprung, you should carry them to a blacksmith and have them shod in such a manner as to gradually throw the joint back into place, and the shoes should be changed quite often, so that the leg may not be crooked, for if the change is sudden inevitable injury will result.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

WOMAN'S EYES.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Come to me, maiden, cease thy deep sighs,
Come lift up thy head and open thine eyes.
I know there's sorrow in years of thy youth,
Yet from their dark depths shines the light of truth.

Oh, something seraphic there seems to lie
In the sweet expression of woman's eye!
Would their mystic language I could discern,
Or feel the warm glow of their flames return,
That kindled in joy so sweetly, so bright,
Far sweeter and brighter than stars by night;
There is something methinks that never dies,
And that is the tender love in thine eyes.

Piety shines forth and meekness is there,
As sunlight shines through the bland summer air;
When bathed by the crystal fountain of tears,
A light through their pensive shadows appears;
Oh, a wealth of Virtue there seems to lie
In the sad, muck glance of a woman's eye!

Could I read what is plainly written there,
To their sparkle and glance not unaware,
Which angels alone can read with a look,
I would feel that Love had opened his book,
For oh, something immortal seems to lie
In the softness of a pure woman's eye!

Timothy Tootsbury's Cure.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

TIMOTHY TOOTSBURY, Esq., was a very worthy and exemplary old gentleman. He was kind to his family, sociable to his neighbors, upright in his dealings. But, like many another estimable gentleman, he had one failing. And one so marked that it made him a bore to all his acquaintances.

He imagined himself to be a great invalid, tormented by every mortal thing which flesh is heir to, and in spite of the facts that his appetite was excellent, his sleep sound, and his whole appearance robust, he persisted in his belief.

The wonder is that he was not half-dead and the other half, too, for the abominable drugs he was continually pouring down his throat, were enough to have killed a man with a constitution of wrought iron, and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsbury's wife was a sweet-tempered, gentle-voiced little body, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's distresses. And, though she had not failed, long ago, to see the absurdity of his complaints, she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference or inattention.

With the heroism of a martyr and the patience of an angel, she rose at all sorts of unreasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household duties at the most unreasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him, but failed to do their duty in that respect or any other.

Mr. Tootsbury was possessed of a moderate competence, but sickness, you know, whether real or imaginary, makes terrible inroads on the expense book.

So little Mrs. Tootsbury, with a laudable desire to "keep along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were a couple of sharp young medical students, members of a neighboring college. Of course they saw at once that Mr. Tootsbury's ailments were nothing in the world but imaginary ones, and it aroused their indignation to see him impose so much on the good nature of his patient little wife.

For her sake they dutifully inquired after his welfare every day, and agreed with her cheerfully expressed hopes that he would soon be better. But Timothy, instead of growing better, seemed determined to grow worse.

His torments increased, until at length the young doctors decided that if he would not die himself, he would soon succeed in fretting his poor little wife to death, and something must be done for her sake.

They held a consultation in their own quarters, and at last hit on a plan which they hoped might work his cure. In pursuance of it, they began to show great anxiety after his welfare. They made many inquiries, and several times, when the little wife was not around, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, listened to his heart beat, looked at each other and sighed lugubriously, shook their heads, doubtfully, and dropped vague hints about bad cases like his, and such like, highly interesting and gratifying to Timothy.

One morning, when they thought the time about at hand for the consummation of their plan, they met Mr. Tootsbury taking his morning walk.

Passing him with a friendly "Good-morning," they walked just in front of him, quite close enough to allow him to hear the conversation they carried on in half-subdued tones.

"Looks worse than common this morning," said one.

"Yes," returned the other, with a doleful sigh. "Poor Tootsbury!"

"You don't think he'll last long, then?"

"Oh, no! I can't see how he's bound to die before the winter is over."

"Desperate bad case, isn't it?"

"Dreadful! Never saw any thing like it! Complication of all the diseases under the sun. Terrible case!"

"Likely to drop off any minute, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. Shouldn't be surprised to go up to dinner any day and find him a corpse. That's why I thought we had better make all arrangements early."

"Then you think we can get his body?"

"Certainly. It's all arranged. He'll be a grand subject for dissection."

Mr. Tootsbury, listening, began to feel cold chills running all over him, and his hair had a prickly sensation, as if about to stand on end.

The last was rather more than he could stand.

Rushing in front of the apparently astonished young men, he faced suddenly about and addressed them.

"Ahem! Young gentlemen, was it me you alluded to just now?"

The young students appeared covered with confusion, hesitating for an answer.

"I beg you will be candid. I am resolved to know," said Mr. Tootsbury, sternly.

"Well, sir, yes. We alluded to you," said one of them.

"Ah! And you think I am about to die?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wish to obtain 'my body, eh'?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, you have made arrangements to that effect?"

"Yes, sir," rather slowly.

"I suppose you mean to dissect me?"

"Yes, sir."

At every question Mr. Tootsbury's color rose, and he grew alternately redder and paler.

"Well, gentlemen, will you be kind enough to inform me why this particular honor is reserved for me?"

"Certainly. You see, sir, we want to find out what is the matter with you. You are always sick, yet always getting fatter; always complaining, yet able to eat more and sleep better than any of us; you look stout and hearty, yet you are an invalid. And we want to know what all this means. We want to sacrifice you to the cause of science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to spoil your fun, but I have a word to say! I don't intend to be sacrificed to the cause of science, or any other cause, just yet! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now!"

There is nothing the matter with me, and if you venture to say there is, I will thrash you both, right here in the open street! I am quite well, gentlemen! I wish you good-morning, gentlemen. When I wish to dispose of my body I will let you know!"

And the nervous invalid turned on his heel, fully resolved never to die while those medical students were around. While they went their way laughing at the success of their ruse and rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Tootsbury.

Madame Durand's Proteges;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERIOUS CONSULTATION.

DEAD!
Gone on the dark, mysterious journey, without any kindred love to smooth the dim path which leads from time into eternity.

There were shadows in the room, but the light from the open west window was lingering about the figure so awfully rigid and motionless, invested now with a terror which was greater than the awe Madame had been wont to command in those about her.

Briggs came in presently with a lighted taper in her hand, and an humble apology for the slight delay of Madame's dinner service, with which the butler was at that moment following.

She advanced to the branching candelabrum with its supply of fresh waxen tapers, and lifted her hand to set them aflame.

But, with a howl of fright, she staggered back, and then gaining breath, uttered shriek after shriek of mortal terror.

She had met the open stare of those glaring eyes, faced the pallid set features with the awesome seal upon them, reflected down from a small inclined mirror upon her wall.

She flung her black silk apron over her head to shut out the sight, stifling her screams in its close folds as she rushed precipitately out, and astonished the staid old butler by fairly throwing her arms about him in the dim anteroom, while she screamed and shrieked interminably.

"Oh, it's the Madame!—Oh, it's the Madame! gone clean dead," she shrieked, distinguishably at last.

The butler shook off her clinging arms at that, and hurried forward, only to verify the assertion.

And in two minutes more the manse rung with the dread proclamation:
"Madame is dead!"

The effect ran like an electric current through the household. The scene of confusion which would otherwise inevitably have ensued was speedily checked by the young land-agent, who was happily at hand.

Messengers were dispatched in all haste to the village; the objectless excitement which prevailed among the servants was quelled by a few explanatory sentences; the housekeeper was brought to her senses by a sharp rebuke and a hastily administered dose of strong brandy and water, and then Valere sprang up the spiral stairway and stood within Madame's room.

Mirabel was already there, very pale, but quite calm, and Ross, in an agony of terror, was on her knees, chafing the clammy hand that would never again be warmed by the pulsing life-blood.

"She is quite dead, I think," said Miss Durand. "It is her third attack, they say."

Erne took a little hand-mirror from a stand close by and held it to the pallid lips. The polished surface remained undimmed.

"All is over," he said, with sorrowful quietness. "Ah, poor Madame Durand!"

They stood silently by the still form. These two generous young hearts sincerely mourned the eccentric old woman, whose arid life had been so suddenly blotted out.

Erne spoke presently.

"Come away, Miss Durand. This is no place for you now."

Even then Briggs appeared in the doorway, accompanied by an elderly woman from the village, whose duty it was to prepare the dead for burial. Doctor Gaines came in at almost the same moment, but after the briefest examination turned away from Madame's chair with a sorrowful shake of the head.

Mirabel took Erne's arm, and they passed out together.

Shrinking in the outer doorway, with eyes widely distended and cheeks flushed with hectic flame, stood Fay.

"What is it?" she asked, in an excited whisper. "What does it all mean? Has any thing happened to Madame?"

Valere explained gently as he could, but half-recoiled—appalled by the green flame which leaped into those great intense eyes. It seemed to him like a fire of exultation, and a thrill of revulsed feeling chilled him.

She held something concealed in her clenched hand, and, as she turned away without a word, slipped it with a stealthy motion into her bosom. It looked like a tiny gold tube with a glittering star attached.

Mirabel had seen neither that nor the swift flash of those intense green eyes. She followed on in the direction Fay had taken, fearful that the latter might be overtaken again by a hysterical attack.

Valere went below, and out into the fragrant twilight of the court. It was still and cool there, but above he could see the shadows as they came and went on the blinds of that upper room which held the dread visitant of death.

Even with these reminders before him his

thoughts were not with departed Madame. He leaned against the trunk of a sturdy oleander tree, baring his head that the cool summer breeze might play about his throbbing temples.

A mystic train of thought was aroused within him, and every nerve was strained to a quiver as he concentrated his mind to follow its dim course.

Point by point it all came out before him like the growing picture from a magic lens.

He saw himself a little ragged, neglected child, in a squalid room, which was dark and forbidding to his baby sense. He sat upon a rude settee, with a little, dark stained-wood casket beside him. The casket had grown familiar enough to him since, but to the child in the pictured scene it was a new, wonderful delight.

The busy little fingers were fumbling with the lock, and the lid flew open under their manipulations. There was a cushioned crimson satin lining, and on this lay a tiny dark vial, closed partially in by a gold tube, which had a sparkling crystal stopper.

Was it that he had seen in its swift transition from Fay's hand to-night?

The pictured remembrance was too vivid yet to let him dwell upon the possibility.

Still following that strange mental tracery, he seemed to see the child seize upon the pretty toy with a delighted cry, and fondle it in the little claw-like hands, all unused to such gleaming objects.

Then he saw a harsh face—the face of a woman—appear above the boy, wearing an expression which was demonic while she watched him for a moment without offering to despoil him of the treasure. But, suddenly her face changed as though a storm was convulsing it. With a sudden cry, she snatched the vial in its golden casing violently away, but tossed him the empty casket to quiet the griefed cry of the little disappointed heart.

There the vivid gleam of remembrance was suddenly blotted into utter darkness. If that one scene from his early childhood possessed any significance, or any resulting connection with the occurrences of this night, Erne was powerless to follow the thread.

On the morrow early came Mr. Thancroft. He explained that he had been absent from the village on the preceding evening, not returning until past midnight. He spoke a few words to Valere, and the young man conducted him into the library, where Madame's business papers and accounts were kept.

Gravely and quietly he examined them, putting his seal upon such documents as seemed of importance.

"I am to wait for Gaines," Mr. Thancroft explained, as they came together out of the library, and he paused to lock the door. "He had patients to attend, but it's quite time he was here. Madame was quite alone at the last, he says."

"Yes; it is all very sad."

"Ah, ah!" sighed the lawyer.

Something seemed weighing upon his mind, he was so nervously abstracted, but it might have been grief for his eccentric old friend.

Doctor Gaines soon afterward appeared, and together the lawyer and physician went into the quiet chamber where the still form was lying.

"Now," said Mr. Thancroft, in that subdued tone which the presence of death always commands, "of what did Madame die?"

"The doctor looked at him wonderingly.

"What should she die of but the expected trouble? It was her third stroke, you know, and I always said she wouldn't survive it. Brought on by overexertion and excitement as I predicted."

"You're sure it's not poison?"

"Good Lord, no! You don't put any faith in that superstitious fancy, I hope?"

"Scarcely that; but I gave Madame Durand my promise to make the closest investigations after her death."

"Oh, it's the Madame!—Oh, it's the Madame! gone clean dead," she shrieked, distinguishably at last.

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The busy little fingers were fumbling with the lock, and the lid flew open under their manipulations. There was a cushioned crimson satin lining, and on this lay a tiny dark vial, closed partially in by a gold tube, which had a sparkling crystal stopper.

Would you believe, it, I would willingly scatter every wild dream of coming state and power, for the certainty of winning peerless Mirabel Durand!"

"Oh, misere, misere!" the woman uttered, in wailing monotone.

"Ay, chant over your defeat—bury your hopes, whatever they were," mocked Ware. "My misery isn't courting companionship."

He turned abruptly away, strode over a little space of flecked light and shade, and then was lost to view.

The woman stood still, with her gaunt white hands locked close together. The last sound of his receding footsteps died away, and then a great tenderness, you would never have imagined it capable of, stole down upon the woman's face, and tears that seemed wrung from the very endurance of suffering, welled into her cavernous eyes.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

The Wronged Heiress: The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY BETT WINWOOD.
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPOTTER," "WHO WAS SAID," "BAPTIST," "THE DEERMAN," "PROPHET," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM BRE-VEST'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. TAKING REFUGE.

There was an instant's dead silence in the room. Then Philip put Mabel away from him—for she lay sobbing and trembling in his arms—and bent over the two figures lying on the floor.

There was a groan from Belmont.

"Help me up," he growled, savagely, "unless you wish to kill me outright."

Dick helped to raise him, and they laid him on the couch. Then Philip hastened to learn the extent of his injuries.

"It is nothing more than a flesh wound," he said, presently. "With the proper care, no evil results are to be apprehended."

Belmont muttered an oath: but Dick Daredevil drew a deep breath of relief.

"I'm glad of that," he said, coldly, "but I'm not so sure of your word."

"I am a doctor," said Philip, "and I am not an ugly business. I'm not used to that sort of thing. I meant to stop the villain's little game, but I don't want his blood on my hands. God forbid."

"Bah!" sneered Belmont. "You're softer-hearted than I would have been in your place. But the power is all in your hands, just at present, curse you."

"Yes, the power is in my hands," said Dick. "We must get out of this before our enemies are reinforced."

He sprang through the window with his precious burden, and darted down the balcony steps to the lawn, followed closely by Dick.

It is probable that Gilbert Belmont had no servants in the house on whose fidelity he could rely, for no opposition was offered to their departure—no pursuit made.

The two young men hurried as rapidly as Mabel's trembling limbs would permit—to the nearest house, where they hired a boy to drive them to the city.

When they were once safely ensconced in the rude farm-wagon which was their conveyance, Mabel related her simple story, sobbing like a child the while, for she felt how very grateful because of Philip's opportune arrival.

"Take me at once to Woodlawn," she implored. "Let me face Mrs. Laudersdale and demand her husband together. Then, I am sure, we can come at the truth of what that wicked woman knows of me."

But Philip gravely shook his head.

"You are not strong enough for such an ordeal," he said. "You must have perfect rest and quiet for a few days. Then it shall be as you wish."

Mabel looked troubled.

"Where am I to remain during the interim?" she asked, presently.

"I will take you to some of my own friends where you can remain in safety," said Dick at this point. Dick interrupted them.

"You forget, Mr. Jocelyn," he said, "that it is very necessary for you, also, to be *perdu* for the present. Your life or liberty, perhaps both, are threatened. If you go back to your old haunts, your enemies will know where to find you again."

"True."

There was a thoughtful silence, which Dick broke at last.

"I know a place which would afford a safe refuge for yourself as well as Miss Trevor."

Philip's face brightened. It was very pleasant to think of remaining several days under the same roof that sheltered Mabel.

"Where is it?" he asked, eagerly.

"A boarding-house in Canal street. I know the landlady well, and she can be trusted. You will not be compelled to come in contact with the other boarders unless you wish."

"Perhaps we had better go there until Mabel's spirits have recovered their usual tone."

And the matter was thus decided.

They dismissed the driver while still a couple of squares from their destination, and continued their journey on foot. It was better to give Belmont no clue by which to trace them.

They were soon seated in a private room of the boarding-house in question.

Dick did most of the talking that was necessary.

"Mrs. Brown," he said, addressing the landlady, a square-jawed but not unkind-looking woman, "this young gentleman and lady are my friends. I have brought them here to you, and promised them your sympathy and protection."

"That was right, Dick," Mrs. Brown returned, heartily. "Anybody that you bring to this house is sure of a welcome."

Then, regarding the young couple somewhat curiously, she said:

"You are brother and sister, I suppose?"

"No," replied Mabel, blushing.

"No? Bless me! You can't be husband and wife?"

"No, no," blushing more vividly than ever.

"Ah! I understand. You are lovers, of course. So much the better. You shall have the best of everything the house affords."

"Please bear in mind, Mrs. Brown," put in Dick, "that they wish to remain very quiet for the present. In fact, they will see no company whatever."

The woman's eyes dilated a little; but she only answered:

"Of course."

"You have spare apartments where the necessary privacy can be secured? Circumstances compel them to seclude themselves for a brief season. In fact, the young lady has powerful enemies who seek her life."

Mrs. Brown's sympathies were thoroughly enlisted.

"I'm glad you brought the young lady here. Poor dear. I'd like to see the villain who would dare tear her away from my house."

And the good woman shut her lips sharply together, thus giving emphasis to what she said.

"I must take leave of you for the present," said Dick. "Miss Mabel, have you no message to send to Julia?"

"Yes," cried Mabel, eagerly. "Tell her how grateful I am—how much I love her. Tell her, too, that I am praying for the day to come when I can repay her kindness."

Dick bowed low. "This loving message to such a girl as Julia touched him as nothing else could have done."

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said, gently. "If the time ever comes when Dick Daredevil can do ought to serve you, you can reckon on the very last drop of blood in his veins."

He swung on his heel as he spoke, and, in another minute, was gone.

CHAPTER XXVIII. POISON!

In her luxuriously-furnished boudoir at Woodlawn sat Mrs. Laudersdale, dreaming her own wild dreams of increased wealth and power.

"All works well," she murmured, softly, to herself. "Mabel is dead, and Philip has been placed in such close confinement that it is out of his power to molest me or make any untoward discoveries. I am fortunate."

A sneering smile curled her full red lip as she thus soliloquized.

Ah, how different would have been her feelings had she known that Mabel was still living and Philip had escaped, and the two were only awaiting a fitting opportunity to confront her and expose her true character to the world!

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a soiled and greasy note on a silver salver.

"For me?" queried Mrs. Laudersdale, in real surprise.

"For madam," returned the polite servant, and departed.

Mrs. Laudersdale glanced sharply at the address, and seemed to recognize the hand, for a sudden pallor overspread her face.

"Richard?" she muttered; "or rather, Miles, as he chooses to designate himself. What can he want of me, I wonder?"

She tore open the envelope. The inclosure was very brief, and read thus:

"I have found out all I can concerning the man on whose track you set me. But I don't feel disposed to come to Woodlawn to make my revelations. You had better come to me. It will be safer."

"Bring money, and plenty of it. I won't brook any stinginess on your part. You will find me at No. 33 Cherry street, this afternoon at four. I advise you to be on hand."

Mrs. Laudersdale's face darkened ominously as she read this letter.

"I'll come, oh, never fear, but that I'll come," she said, in a low, hissing tone.

Her supple white hands began to twist about each other with a nervous movement which would have betrayed, even to a casual observer, how deeply the woman was moved.

"Of course Miles refers to Gilbert Belmont in the opening of his letter," she muttered, after she had sat thinking, thinking for a long, long time. "I had half forgotten that he was set to watch Belmont. But it is well."

Then a sudden lurid light flashed into her false but beautiful eyes.

"That man, Miles, is my evil genius," she panted. "He has it in his power to ruin me at any moment. And he'll do it, too, if I show the least sign of rebellion. I understand his game. He intends to bleed me, bleed me like a leech, until there is nothing left for his avaricious hands to seize upon; but I can not submit to it; I will not!"

She rose with a fierce, impetuous movement, and crossed to a small cabinet that stood in one corner of her apartment.

"Oh, yes, Miles Duff, I'll come to Cherry street to see you," she said, between her set teeth, while fumbling in a small drawer half full of vials and packages. "I'll come, and bring the money. But I shall bring something else, too!"

And a smile of deadly meaning curled her red lips.

She had evidently come to some dark and terrible decision. But it was a decision known only to herself; for on this occasion she took neither Jane Burt nor Bill Cuppings into her counsels.

It was an ominous fact.

The day wore on. Mrs. Laudersdale left the house, unperceived by any of the servants, and when the city clocks chimed the hour of four, she was in Cherry street, and knocking at the door of No. 33.

It was a ruinous old building, with half its windows boarded up, and did not look as if it had had an occupant for many years. The bold, bad woman's eyes twinkled wickedly as she took cognizance of this fact.

After her summons had been repeated two or three times, the door was opened by Miles himself.

"And so you thought it best to keep the appointment I made?" he said, recognizing her instantly despite the thick veil she had thrown over her face. "It is well. Come in."

She followed him into a small, meagerly-furnished apartment at the back of the house.

"I suppose we are perfectly safe from intrusion?" she said, seating herself in one of the rush-bottomed chairs.

"Of course. You can lay aside your veil. There are only us two in the whole house."

"Ah!" starting a little. "But others may be coming in."

Miles laughed disdainfully.

"No fear of that. I've hired the house all to myself. Nobody else has any business here."

Mrs. Laudersdale looked at him attentively.

"What could you want of the old shell?" she asked.

"Bah! Don't be too inquisitive, Martha. Trust me to make it useful. It will be a good trysting-place for you and me, love, if it answers no other purpose. Besides, I can afford the expense, since you have become my banker."

She winced. "Never mind that," she said, hastily. "Let us to business. What discoveries have you made in regard to Gilbert Belmont?"

"Before answering that question," said Miles, "I would like to know how much money you have brought with you."

"A good deal—some hundreds. See, here it is."

She took a small packet of bills from her pocket, and laid it on the table. "Let it remain there while we are talking," she added.

Miles chuckled cunningly.

"And so, my lady, you wish to hear about Belmont? Well, I can tell you all that any man can tell of him. He's a gambler in good luck. In fact, he is a rich man. He has a faro-house in upper Broadway—a private dwelling in Westchester county—besides other property."

Mrs. Laudersdale bit her lip sharply.

"And his family?" she cried, eagerly.

"Humph. The less said about his descent—the less is said the better."

She was thoughtfully silent for some minutes.

At last she rose and moved toward the door. But, with her hand on the knob, she paused, and finally went back.

"I had half-forgotten," she murmured, softly. "I brought you a bottle of wine, Richard. You see, I can't quite forget the old time—that I am just a little thoughtful of your comfort still."

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "I see."

"You have glasses?"

"Here are two," bringing them from a small cupboard over the mantel.

Mrs. Laudersdale sat down by the table, and poured the wine with an unsteady hand.

"My nerves are all unstrung," she said. "I need the stimulant quite as much as you do."

He looked at her darkly as she pushed a brimming glass toward him with the single word, "Drink!"

How do I know that you haven't poisoned the infernal stuff?"

For an instant she trembled and gasped for breath. Then a sneering laugh fell from her lips, and she thrust out one of her jeweled hands.

"Give the glass to me," she said, "if you are afraid to drink."

"I am not afraid."

He raised it to his lips, and drained it to the dregs.

A mortal paleness overspread Mrs. Laudersdale's face. She put back her own glass, scarcely having tasted its contents.

There was a long silence. Miles sat watching that beautiful though cowering and trembling woman, a white horror gradually stealing into his own countenance as he did so.

"Why don't you drink?" he asked, at last.

She rose, feebly. "I am faint—I'll be gone."

He followed her. The horrible fear that had beset him, became, of a sudden, a certainty.

"Woman! devil!" he shrieked, "what have you done?"

She covered before him, but did not answer.

"You have poisoned me!" he yelled, with his hand laid over his heart. "That wine was drugged!"

"Yes," she said, "it was drugged."

A volley of the most dreadful curses fell from her lips. A loaded pistol lay on the mantel, and he made a sudden bound for it.

But Mrs. Laudersdale had seen it, and was too quick for him. She snatched up the weapon and leveled it straight against his heart.

"You see I am prepared to defend myself," she said, a steely ring in her voice.

Miles stood still, glaring at her like some wild animal at bay. Presently he threw up both hands, with a sharp cry, and fell to the floor in strong convulsions.

The guilty woman leaned over him, laughing a horribly-mocking laugh. She knew that the deadly drug was doing its work.

"Meddling fool," she hissed, "you have received your just deserts. You will die here alone. There is nobody in the house to hear your cries. You will die alone and uncalled for. You are doomed."

"You would have bled me, and worried and harassed the very life out of me. Sooner or later you would have exposed me to the world. Ah, I know you! But you are foiled. I can breathe again. You will die, and the secret of the past will die with you. Thank God for that—thank God for that."

Then, without as much as a glance at the writhing form of her victim, she passed quickly from the room, slipping the bolt of the door into its socket as she passed out.

CHAPTER XXIX. PREPARING THE GROUND.

Philip Jocelyn and Mabel, meanwhile, passed a few very happy days under Mrs. Brown's humble roof.

They were dreaming young love's blissful dream, and of course the hours fled by as if silver-shod.

They were free from all molestation. Nobody visited them save Dick Daredevil, and even he came rarely. Thus they were thrown much together, and the interest they had felt for each other from the first grew and strengthened.

If Philip had felt any false pride drawing him away from the innocent and trusting girl at one time, he had now given it up forever.

True love makes all stations in life equal. The young couple had very little to fear. Belmont was laid up with the wound he had received, and could not well continue his persecutions, even though he felt so disposed.

As for the two ruffians, Steve and Bill, who had sought to incarcerate Philip in that ruinous old country house, they were powerless to concoct any fresh schemes against him, for the very good reason that they were unable to trace him to the place of refuge he had chosen.

As the reader must readily guess, they had failed to confide to Jane Burt the fact of his escape; therefore it had not come to Mrs. Laudersdale's ears.

As the days wore on, and Mabel Trevor

rapidly recovered her health and spirits, she began to grow impatient to go to Woodlawn and force Mrs. Laudersdale's guilty secret from her.

"This anxiety and uncertainty are very depressing," she said to Philip one day. "I am anxious to know the best or the worst, as soon as possible."

Philip did not confide to her his own suspicions. He thought it better to excite no hopes in her bosom that might not be realized.

"You shall go to Woodlawn to-morrow," he said. "And if Mrs. Laudersdale knows aught of your parentage, we will assuredly find means to make her divulge that knowledge."

Mabel looked thoughtful. "There is one woman who might, I think, be of material use to us in what we have to do," she said, at last.

"Who is that?"

"Mrs. Pratt."

Philip knew very well to whom she referred. "What?" he cried, with a start. "Is it possible that that woman is mixed up in your affairs?"

The young girl told him all that had transpired at Hedge Hall. He listened to the recital in real amazement.

"I think you are right," he said, thoughtfully. "That woman ought to accompany us to Woodlawn. And she shall! I will go for her early in the morning."

Mabel started and shuddered.

"Will it be safe?" she asked. "Remember that you have secret and powerful enemies."

"Those enemies will, I am sure, be put to terror lest the instant we enter the doors of Woodlawn," she said, with a singular smile. "Besides, I shall take a sufficient force with me, when I go to Hedge Hall, to guard against all evil."

"Mrs. Pratt may refuse to return with you."

"I do not think she will."

Mabel seemed not a little surprised at the positive tones in which he spoke.

"How can you feel so assured?" she asked.

"I know enough of Gilbert Belmont's doings to hand him over to the officers of justice. With that threat dinned in her ears, Mrs. Pratt will consent to anything. You have seen how fond she is of him. I am sure a secret relationship of some sort exists between the two."

"The same thought has occurred to me."

"We can, you see, count on Mrs. Pratt's help through her love for Gilbert Belmont. She will divulge any thing rather than he should come to harm."

The event proved how correct Philip Jocelyn was in his conjectures. When he returned from the hurried visit he paid to Hedge Hall the next morning, Mrs. Pratt came with him.

She was looking strangely pale and hollow-eyed. Suffering had already plowed some very heavy lines in her faded cheeks; but she greeted Mabel pleasantly, though sadly.

"I am really glad that the truth is to be spoken at last," she said, in a very low tone of voice. "It should have been spoken years ago. But I had not the courage then, to make such a revelation. I have suffered, and suffered terribly, for keeping silent, however. Knowing that I trust you will be merciful—"

"Then you do know the secret of my birth?" said Mabel, eagerly.

"I fully believe that I do."

A low cry of intense joy fell from the young girl's lips.

"Tell me instantly," she exclaimed. "Oh, I have waited so long and hopefully for this hour! Tell me instantly, what you believe."

Mrs. Pratt gravely shook her head.

"My dear, you must be content to wait a few hours longer. Presently you shall know all. But just now, I want time to collect my own thoughts."

She moved away to one of the windows, and stood with her back turned toward the trembling girl.

At last, Philip approached, and clasped Mabel's hand in both his own.

"Be patient," he whispered, "and try to calm yourself. All will soon be well."

After a minute's silence, he added, in the same low tone:

"I want to tell you something of my expedition to Hedge Hall. At first it was difficult to gain admittance. But when the doors were finally thrown open to me, I was conducted at once to Belmont's chamber. I found him very ill indeed—a relapse, I think. But he is a changed man. I believe he sincerely regrets the past, though he did not say so. But he has found ample time for reflection while lying on his sick bed, and I am sure that reflection has been of signal service to him."

"God grant it," replied Mabel, fervently.

"He received me kindly enough," Philip went on, "and on learning the object of my visit, seemed anxious to assist me in every manner possible. He very willingly consented that Mrs. Pratt should come away with me."

"I had a sort of penchant for pretty Mabel myself, at one time," he said to me, "but that is all over now. This cursed wound interfered with my plans, somewhat. Now I shall be glad to see her wedded to a man more worthy of her than I can ever hope to be."

"That was all, Mabel. Mrs. Pratt came away with me quite willingly. And here we are, as you perceive."

"Let us set out at once," she said, eagerly. "We are wasting precious time."

Five minutes later, the three were seated in the conveyance that was to take them the first stage of the journey to Woodlawn.

Mabel had seated herself near the window. When the carriage drew near the ferry, she caught violently hold of Philip's arm.

"See!" she cried, sharply; "there is Miles, one of the villains who were engaged in my abduction."

Philip glanced quickly out of the window. There, indeed, in a carriage nearly abreast the one which they themselves occupied, sat, or rather reclined, a heavily-built man, with a most villainous physiognomy.

He was propped up among the cushions, and his pallid face and sunken eyes betokened illness.

Indeed it was a strange and ghastly palor that had settled upon his features.

He looked like a person whose days were numbered.

It was, indeed, Miles Duff—the same Miles Duff whom Mrs. Laudersdale (as she thought) had left writhing on the floor in his death agonies, in that gloomy old house in Cherry street, only a few days previously.

The hardened sinner did not see Mabel, however, and the two carriages drew apart almost immediately.

But our heroine was destined to see Miles once again, that day.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 130.)

Double-Death: OR, THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.
BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.
(LAUNCE PONTZ.)
AUTHOR OF "THE RED BARRAN," "THE KNIGHT OF THE BUBBLES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The court-martial for the trial of Everard Barbour, on the charge of desertion to the enemy, met at twelve o'clock, in a large room in the house in which the General-in-Chief had his headquarters. The officers were gathered around a table, the Judge Advocate having a second and separate one to himself. The prisoner sat at a short distance off, and near him was the Indian chief, Black Eagle, in the full regalia of a chief of his tribe, but entirely unarmed, and holding the gayly-plumed calumet in his hand.

Everard was rising to address the court.

"Gentlemen of the court," said the young officer, with modest dignity. "I am aware that I stand here in a very perilous position, with little but my own word to shield me from the punishment I should deserve, were I a deserter. I can only trust to that and my innocence to support me, for, alas! my principal witnesses are within the enemy's lines. Honest soldiers have sworn that they saw me there in the dress of the enemy, a plain deserter. Another has sworn that I refused to escape with him from the Genesee valley, and remained with the enemy. Gentlemen, the ranger spoke truth. I did refuse to leave the valley that night, but it was because I was under parole. If I had not been, Murphy would never have reached me, for Indians are not wont to keep their prisoners slackly."

"Can you prove that you were under parole on that occasion, Mr. Barbour?" asked the president of the court, a large, handsome man, in General's uniform. "Remember that your word alone has little weight in a matter where it is so obviously your interest to say as you do."

"I can prove it by the testimony of Black Eagle, chief of the Senecas," said Everard. "Is there any objection to his testimony?"

"None in a military court," replied the president. "We are not bound by the rules of State courts. Let the chief be sworn."

"He's an Indian, General," suggested one of the younger officers. "He can't be sworn on a Bible he doesn't believe."

"If the court will question him," said Everard, respectfully, "they will find that the chief is a Christian."

"That alters the case," said the Judge Advocate. "I will question him. Chief, stand up."

Black Eagle, who had remained gravely impassive during the colloquy, rose to his feet, and displayed his magnificent proportions at the foot of the table, saying in his deep, powerful voice:

"Black Eagle is here. He speaks with a straight tongue. Let the white chiefs question him. He will answer."

"Are you a Christian or not, chief?" asked the Judge Advocate.

"The good father who tells the red-man the words of the Great Spirit, poured the holy water on the head of Black Eagle," said the chief, gravely. "He told me that the Great Spirit gave me a new heart, to forgive my enemies, and slay no more. The heart of Black Eagle has become as a little child, and he takes no more scalps."

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked the officer.

The chief's lip curled with disdain, as he said:

"Black Eagle does not swear. But whites swear, and call the Great Spirit names, as if he were a dog like them. He will punish them, when the graves return the Red and White to the face of the Master of Life."

The officers looked at one another, as if half ashamed. The vice of swearing was fearfully prevalent among all there, and the childish rebuke of the simple chief abashed them.

"You do not understand me, chief," said the officer, gently, after a pause. "If you were to swear before the Great Spirit to tell the truth, and were to lie, do you know what would happen to you?"

"Black Eagle would never go to the happy hunting-grounds where his fathers roam under the smile of the Master of Life," said the chief, gravely. "But his tongue was never forked. Towards lie, and Black Eagle is a chief of the Senecas. Double-Death knows if he is a coward."

"I think you had better examine the chief without further formality. Captain Randolph," said the president. "I'm inclined to believe he's a better man than many a white gentleman. I'll take the responsibility. Consider him sworn."

"Very good, General," said the officer. "Chief, do you know this officer?" He indicated Everard as he spoke.

"Know little chief very well," said Black Eagle, with a smile. "Little chief give heap of trouble down in Pocono. Kill five warriors before Black Eagle take him, up in tree. Warrior say, scalp him. Black Eagle say, no. Little chief fight too well. Thyanadea (Brant) tell Black Eagle not to scalp prisoners. Black Eagle take little chief all the way to Sheshequin."

"Then you mean to say that you took him prisoner at Wyoming, and carried him to Sheshequin?" asked Randolph, inquiringly.

"Yes," said the chief, laconically.

"And how long was he a prisoner there?"

"Till the Queen of Sheshequin and Black Eagle went on the war-path again. Then Black Eagle spoke to the Spy Queen, and said—"

"There, there, there. Never mind the Spy Queen, whoever she is. How long was this officer a prisoner?" said Randolph, irritably. The picturesque phraseology of the chief puzzled him.

"Till ten suns had risen and set," said Black Eagle.

"And then what became of him?"

"We gave him to the Spy Queen to keep."

"And who is the Spy Queen?"

* Pocono, Indian name for Wyoming.

"Little squaw chief, who bring presents from the Great Father over the water. The Six Nations obey her voice."

"I have heard of this woman before," said the president. "She seems to be the Indian agent of the English king. What had she to do with the prisoner, chief?"

Black Eagle looked puzzled.

"I mean, had she any authority to take him from you?"

"Yes," said the chief, promptly. "Great paper, much big, big green seal of Great Father over the water. Take any thing, Seneca say yes."

"And you gave him up to her? Did you make him promise any thing?"

"No," said Black Eagle. "Give him to Spy Queen. That all?"

"That will do," said the president, gravely. "Mr. Barbour, have you any questions to ask?"

He looked a little disappointed, for he had expected to find Everard's words corroborated by the chief, and he sympathized with the former.

"Black Eagle," said Everard, in a shaking voice, "you say I made no promise to you. Did you know of my making any to any one else, when I was left without a guard?"

The chief looked thoughtful.

"The mind of Black Eagle is dark," he said, finally. "He can not say to whom you promised."

"Do you know what I promised?" asked Everard, eagerly.

"Little chief, promised not to run away, if the Senecas did not tie his hands and feet," said the chief, promptly.

The young officer gave a low sigh of relief.

"That is all I have to offer on that point, General," he said. "You see I was under parole."

"May it please the court," said Captain Randolph, rising, "the prosecution submits that that is not enough. The prisoner has not proved that he was under parole to a recognized officer of the enemy. We do not wish to be hard on him, but such a weak defense for being found in the enemy's lines I never heard of. If he has nothing more to offer, I move for judgment on the charge and specifications."

"I am not quite through," said Everard, sadly. "For what follows I have nothing but my own word to offer to-day. Heaven may send the witness in time. Gentlemen, the day after Murphy, the ranger, left Sheshequin, I was released from my parole and escaped to Philadelphia. I am not at liberty to say how I was released, but I escaped and reported to General Arnold in Philadelphia, where I was seen by him and his wife—then Miss Shippen—and by a sergeant of my regiment who was in the adjutant's office, but who was killed last year with General Sullivan, at the Chemung. That very night, while copying papers for the General, I came across one of the letters from Major Andre to him, signed John Anderson, and a return of all our forces addressed to Sir Henry Clinton by his initials. While examining these and hardly believing my eyes, I was surprised by the General, who displayed great indignation, and ordered me to my room under arrest. Gentlemen, I was confused. You know how reluctant you all were to believe a brave soldier like General Arnold guilty of treason, and in my confusion I had surrendered into his hands the papers, so that I had no proof that my suspicions were true. While in this wavering state of mind I was served with charges in his own handwriting. The second charge was the same under which proceedings were afterward taken, which you have here. The first was for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in examining his papers, and that charge and specification, gentlemen, will prove to you that I must have been in Philadelphia on that night. That charge, gentlemen, in Arnold's writing, I have concealed next to me ever since, and here it is."

As he spoke he drew from his vest the soiled and worn paper containing those charges, which he had superstitiously preserved for two years. It produced a manifest effect in court.

A hush had fallen on the officers composing it, during the novel revelation made by our hero, and when he had finished, the paper was carefully examined by all present, and various muttered comments made upon it.

"Mr. Barbour," said the president, gravely, "as officers and gentlemen we may believe the truth of your statement, when as members of this court we are obliged to ask for more proof. It seems that all the witnesses to the fact of your being in Philadelphia are in the enemy's lines, and although the fact of those charges being in the handwriting of the traitor may explain much, it proves little. The statement is not sworn to, and Arnold is not here to be cross examined."

"I wish he was, General," said Everard, innocently.

"I echo the sentiment with all my heart," said the General, with emphasis. "If ever we catch him—But to your case, sir. How do you account for being in New York, even admitting that you were in Philadelphia?"

"That very night, sir," said Everard, in a low tone, "while still confused and uncertain what to do, I was visited by my father."

"Indeed?" said the president, "and where is he now?"

"In the enemy's lines, sir," said Everard, still lower. "He is a Tory, and a secret agent of the enemy."

There was another hush. It was a hush of compassion for the son telling of his own father's disgrace.

"Go on, sir," said the president. "What happened?"

"My father," said Everard, "had been in correspondence and communication with Arnold for a long time, and knew him well, as he was. He pressed me to break my arrest and come with him to General Washington to state the truth of the case, and save my future career. Uncertain as I was if my General was not a traitor, I rashly broke arrest and fled with my father, believing fully that I was going up the river, toward Morristown. Instead of that I found that I was deceived when it was too late and I was out at sea. I was a prisoner on board a smuggler owned by Arnold and my father conjointly, and commanded by the latter. I found that I was trapped, and must soon be landed in New York. My father, an obstinate loyalist, had been endeavoring to win me to his side since the war began. Now he exulted in his work. Gentlemen, I can not blame him. He was as fully in earnest as I was. I saw that I was lost. If I landed in New York I

prisoner, I was still liable to be held a deserter, absent without leave. I had broken arrest. A traitor had put me under the arrest, truly. All the same, I had no proof. I resolved to get those proofs at any hazard, and to that end joined the Queen's Rangers, pretending to desert. I got the proofs, sent them to General Washington. Arnold was detected and Andre captured. The plot averted and West Point saved by my means, and now, gentlemen, act your pleasure. General Washington knows the last part of my story to be true. I have no proofs of the rest but my own word, now."

When Everard had finished, there was a whispered consultation among the members of the court. It was disturbed by a confused noise outside the windows, and Everard, who stood close to one, involuntarily glanced down. He saw a magnificent thoroughbred horse standing trembling before the door, ready to fall, while the slight, delicate figure of a lady in a blue riding-habit was just springing off and running to the entrance door. He saw the sentry on duty cross his musket before her as if to forbid entrance, while a crowd of curious soldiers stood laughing by.

Then on a sudden they all shrunk back, as the majestic form of the General-in-chief appeared on the steps, as if to inquire what was the matter. Washington spoke a few words to the sentry, and then advanced, with the state courtesy which always distinguished him, offering his arm to the lady, to conduct her into the house.

Everard was recalled from the brief glimpse of this little drama by the voice of the president, who was saying:

"Mr. Barbour, have you nothing else to say in your defense, and no more witnesses to offer?"

"If I could offer my father, I might say 'yes,'" returned Everard. "But of what avail is it? Father can not testify for son, and if he could, how could I get him?"

"In consideration of the hardship of your case," said the president, "we have about concluded, Mr. Barbour, to request the Commander-in-chief to send in a flag to New York, bearing a safe conduct for your father. Courts-martial are subject to no rules of evidence, such as obtain in criminal courts, and we are competent to judge of the credibility of testimony. If such is your desire, Mr. Barbour, we will send in now to ask the favor."

"General," said Everard, his eyes filling with tears, "you are too kind to me. I accept the offer with gratitude."

"Captain Randolph, give our compliments to General Washington, and make the request," said the president, kindly.

The Judge Advocate bowed and left the room.

When he was gone a silence fell on the party. Everard was in cruel suspense as to whether the request would be granted. It seemed an age to him ere he heard the returning footsteps of Randolph, who had really been absent about ten minutes.

The Judge Advocate came briskly back and threw open the door wide. Other footsteps were heard behind him, the slow, stately tread of a man with riding boots and clattering spurs, and the light, hurrying footsteps of a girl. Captain Randolph announced, in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, the Commander-in-chief, and a new witness."

Everard uttered a cry of mingled surprise and incredulity as he beheld the towering form of Washington, and leaning on his arm the well-known figure of Charlotte Lacy.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WITNESSES.

THE whole of the court-martial rose at the announcement, and the members respectfully saluted the General.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, "you all know that it is not my custom in general to interfere with the proceedings of courts-martial. In the case now on trial, I have an extraordinary reason for the seeming breach of etiquette. The lady by my side has ridden all the way from Fort Lee, at full speed, putting herself absolutely in our power, for no other purpose than to testify on behalf of the young officer you are trying. Gentlemen, I have heard the story, and I believe that when you have heard it, you will acquit Mr. Barbour of desertion two years ago. As for his residence in New York, that has been fully accounted for by the great service and important intelligence he was the means of furnishing us, in consequence of the opportunities afforded him by his pretended position in the enemy's forces. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Miss Charlotte Lacy, Chief of the British Secret Service in America, who has given herself up into our hands, to perform an act of justice."

The officers had listened in bewildered astonishment, to the General's address, and when he had concluded, how low before the extreme beauty and grace of Charlotte herself.

The girl was very pale, but the perfect contour of her face, the bright gold of her hair, and the depth of her large blue eyes, were overpowering yet. She was dressed in a blue riding-dress, a broad hat and ostrich feather, damp with last night's mist, hanging at the back of her shapely head.

She advanced to the table, and in a low, sweet voice, addressed the court.

"Gentlemen, you are surprised to see me here, and hear my name. I have done you many injuries ere this, and lived as a spy in the midst of your camps, to send intelligence to my own side. I am a bitter loyalist, gentlemen, and have served my king faithfully against you, using any and every means to harm you and benefit him. But no one among you have I injured so much as I have that young officer, Everard Barbour."

Her voice trembled, and she broke down an instant.

"It was I, gentlemen," she pursued, "who made the first approaches to the dastard traitor, Arnold, whom we despise as much as you do, now. It was I who strove hard to corrupt Mr. Barbour, a young lieutenant on his staff. I tried hard, gentlemen, but let me tell you that I failed, with all my arts, to shake his allegiance to America. Bethink you, gentlemen, he had not one friend with him, his own father was against him, and all his relations were loyalists. With so many temptations to fall, it is not a marvel that he stood at all? But he did, and kept his honor unsullied through all. He refused to escape from Sheshequin, it is true, because he had given me his parole not to escape. I gave it back to him. He escaped at once, and went to Philadelphia. Again I tempted him. Again he would not yield. His honor as a gentleman would not let him betray me, but he stood fast for

his country. His father, too, he could not betray. We surrounded and besieged him night and day, and still he yielded not. He found out something of the treason of his General, and the latter took the alarm in time and arrested him. I arranged the whole plot with General Arnold, myself, and he was carried to New York by a trick. Well, gentlemen, even then, when every one else thought him a deserter, his father and I knew different. We kept him in the city at the depot of the Queen's Rangers on purpose that he might not escape. We dared not let Sir Henry Clinton know him as he was, for we both loved and feared for our boy, and hoped to win him over to the king's cause yet. But he escaped our vigilance at last, and returned to his duty at once. Gentlemen, have me shot, and release him. I am the Spy Queen, and I am in your power: but he is as innocent as a child."

Her statement made a profound impression on every one. The General-in-chief himself stood silently by, watching its effect, and noticed the many kind glances thrown at the prisoner. He now interposed, and handed Charlotte to a seat, when he spoke himself:

"I come as a volunteer witness here, gentlemen. I can not send in the flag you request, because it is now unnecessary. I have just received a dispatch from Colonel Hamilton, to say that he will be here in a few minutes with Mr. John Barbour himself."

There was a great murmur of surprise, and none were more amazed than Everard.

"Colonel Hamilton, at my request, accompanied Timothy Murphy, the scout, to New York last night," pursued the Commander. "They went on a desperate and dangerous quest to find and kidnap the traitor, General Arnold. They failed in that, but they found means to capture Mr. John Barbour himself, who came willingly enough when he heard of his son's trial. Gentlemen, I shall await your report when you have examined them, and I need not say that I trust it will be a merciful one to the faults of our young friend, traceable as all are, to a single error of judgment. Madam, if you will accept my arm, Mrs. Washington will be happy to see you. And with the majestic grace peculiar to himself, the great Commander escorted Charlotte from the room, relieving her of the embarrassment of being among so many men alone, with his usual delicacy."

Their steps had hardly died away, and the buzz of excited conversation among the members of the court was hardly over, when the clatter of boots was heard on the stairs, and Tim Murphy burst into the room, waving the sham midshipman's cap, totally regardless of military etiquette, and quite unabashed by the presence of so many Generals and other officers.

"Hurroo, liftin' darlin'!" he yelled, with a true Irish whoop. "Hurroo! Criu go, hurroo! We've found the old man, and he's comin' up-stairs wid the colonel and Miss Marian, and it's all right, and ye won't be kilt, and it's Tim Murphy's the by'll dance at yer widder's yet. Hurroo! Black Eagle, ye old thart, give me yer fist, old boy. Bedad, I b'ave I'm crazy, darlin'!"

And so it seemed.

Never was a court-martial broken up in such undignified haste as this one, now that its members were satisfied of the truth of Everard's story. Before sunset he was restored to liberty, and the story of his wrongs flew like wildfire all over the camp.

From a traitor he had become a hero.

CHAPTER XL.

THE END.

SOME days afterward a group of people on horseback were gathered on the summit of the road that led down to Fort Lee and the river. In the center of the group, white-frocked and picturesque, a mounted rifleman held aloft a long lance, from the summit of which fluttered the white folds of a flag of truce. Below them, and close to the shore was a large boat with the English ensign in the stern, and a corresponding flag of truce at the bow. Charlotte Lacy and John Barbour were near together in the group, and Marian and Everard were conversing earnestly with them.

Everard was once more handsomely equipped as a dragon officer, and the double epaulettes of a captain glittered on his shoulders, while a party of dragoons in the rear indicated that he was restored to his old comrades.

Marian and Charlotte had their hands clasped.

"You believe all I have said, Marian, do you not?" said the beautiful Spy Queen, earnestly. "Believe me, dear, if I had known you as I do now, so good and gentle, Charlotte would never have given you the pain she has. You may well be proud of your Everard, Marian. He has been true to you under all the temptations man could undergo. He has forgiven me now. Do you too forgive me, Marian?"

"Indeed I do, Charlotte," returned the girl. "Oh! when will this cruel war be ended, when we can be friends together at last? You have been so good to us now, when I know what cause you have to hate me."

"I shall never hate any one again, Marian," said Charlotte, musingly. "I have been accustomed to think of the Continentals as rebels and murderers, and I have served the king faithfully against them, but since I have seen your chief face to face I have learned what true nobility is. From henceforth I become a simple lady again, and when the war is over, dear, perhaps before, you shall see Charlotte again, and perhaps you'll let her be called aunt Charlotte then."

The last words were spoken with a smile in a low voice, and Marian blushed violently.

"Nay, never be ashamed to love your husband," whispered Charlotte. "He will be a good one to you. He has been a good son in spite of the difference of opinion between him and his father, or Mr. Barbour would never have consented to your marriage."

At this moment a gun was fired from the boat below, and the white flag waved impatiently.

"We must be going, Everard," said John Barbour, sadly. "Good-by, my boy, and take care of your wife. Since you won't come over to our side, why we must wait till the war's over before we meet again. I serve no more as a secret agent. I'm sick of it. I shall apply for a commission, and fight you Whigs honestly in the field in future. Then I shall not feel humiliated by the undeserved kindness of your General in granting me a safe-conduct, when I might

fairly have been hung as a spy. Farewell, Marian. God bless you, my girl. I never thought to do what I have, but your General is like a demigod. There is no resisting his wishes. Good-by till the war's over. Good-by, Murphy."

"Heaven save ye kindly, Mither Barbour," said Tim, respectfully. "Av we ever in the field again, bedad, I'll kape me bullets for none else, for ye're a decent gentleman, so ye are. Good-by, sir."

"And where is Black Eagle?" asked Charlotte, as she turned her horse's head down-hill. "I should like to bid him good-by."

"Black Eagle is here," said the deep voice of the Indian, as he rose from the shadow of a thicket by the roadside, and came forward. "The Great Spirit be good to the Spy Queen and keep her from her enemies."

"The Spy Queen will never be seen again. She ceases to be, from this day."

"It is good," said the Indian, gravely. "Spies and forked tongues are bad in the eyes of the Great Spirit. Let my sister be only the blue Star-flower of the pale-faces. It suits her better. Farewell."

A second gun from the boat and a second waving of the flag announced that the English sailors were impatient.

The little party separated reluctantly, and Tim rode down the hill to bring back the horses when the two English agents should have taken the boat.

With that lavish generosity toward Everard, which always had distinguished her, Charlotte had insisted on his accepting the deed of her Philadelphia house as his wedding gift, besides the horse on which she had ridden on her errand of mercy to save him. His own horse, which he had turned loose when he had made his escape with the Skinners, had been found and returned to him, and his marriage had found him much better provided with this world's goods than he had ever before been.

They remained at the top of the hill watching till their friends were safely embarked, and Tim Murphy was slowly returning.

"Poor Charlotte," said Marion, pressing closer to her husband as the boat skimmed away. "How should I have felt had I lost you? Everard, she loves you."

Everard made no answer. He was watching Black Eagle, who, leaning on the muzzle of his rifle, his back turned to them, was gazing mournfully at the distant city of New York. Everard silently pointed him out to his wife.

"What think you of, chief?" asked Marion, gently.

Black Eagle looked up, his face gloomy and mournful, as he answered:

"The Star-flower has lost the Little Chief, but she goes to her people. They will console her, and the Star-flower will be happy. Black Eagle has lost the White Flower, but he has no people to go to. Annatakaules has laid low the towns of the Six Nations, and the smiling field has become the desolate waste. Black Eagle has no people to go to."

"Then let ours be yours, chief," said Marian, kindly. "Indeed, we love you well, and you may be happy yet. I will get you a wife myself."

Black Eagle shook his head. "It is too late," he said. "The Great Spirit has said we are to fade like the leaves and we obey. He has told Black Eagle to forgive his foes and the chief has done so. But the ways of the Great Spirit are hard to understand."

"Leave him alone," whispered Everard to his wife. "He is sad and moody, and soothing only deepens his gloom. Men are best left alone in sorrow, especially Indians."

They turned their horses away, and re-joined their party, leaving the gloomy chief watching the distant boat.

Tim Murphy rejoined them on the road, having disposed of his horses, and expressed himself as well satisfied with the day's work.

"God save us all, liftin'—I mane captain," said the worthy scout, philosophically. "It's a queer world sometimes, but av a man sticks to his colors, bedad he'll come out safe at last. Now, there was the purty little Spy Queen and the old gentleman and all together ag'in' us, and they tangle up in their divilments, till even Tim Murphy was fool enough to think ye a traitor, but, after all, things came straight at last, and now ye've a fine house and a purty wife and lashins o' horses and money galore, and, bedad, av we don't get blind drunk to night over it, I'll be bekase there's no potin in camp."

"Nay, Murphy," said Marian, smiling, "it's a poor way to celebrate a feast to degrade oneself to a brute. If you had not been sober a long time we should never have been saved from ruin as Everard was by the skill and daring of DOUBLE-DEATH, THE SCOT."

"Annatakaules. The Indians gave this name (The Town-Destroyer) to Washington after the terrible retribution visited on them by his order in 1779, during Sullivan's expedition after the battle of Chemung. Houses, lodges, crops and orchards were ruthlessly destroyed, and the smiling valley of the Genesee turned into a howling wilderness."

THE END.

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THAT COMET.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Confound these old star-gazers who
Predicted that the comet
Would lately drop upon the earth
As straight as any plummet,
And smash it flatter than a squash,<
(It shunder at the story.)
And send the atoms to the winds—
The passengers to glory.

I borrowed money and I paid
Each dollar I was owing,
(Those debts had never, never gone,
Though they had long been going);
My creditors were highly pleased,
Their hearts were quick to soften,
They took my hand and hoped the world
Would come to an end often.

I signed the temperance pledge at once,
Renounced my friends who wouldn't,
And vowed for my remaining hours
To lead a life more prudent.
I went and hastily forgave
The man that I was hating—
I must admit to do this last
Was rather aggravating.

I vowed that I should tell the truth
Though I lost money by it—
A resolution hard to make,
Known best to those who try it.
Repented me of all the faults
That I acknowledged having,
And pardoned all the men for whom
I had a judgment saving.

I went to those before whose eyes
I had held up the mirror
To see themselves, and humbly asked
Forgiveness for my error.
I gave my blessing to my friends,
My old clothes to my neighbor,
And sent my resignation
To you, dear model paper.

But then it's always just my luck
To be so disappointed,
The comet didn't come on time
Because its tail unloosed.
I'm mad to think before my foes
I should have been so humble,
And then, I might have saved those debts—
I'll never cease to grumble.

Before the Wedding-day.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE snow lay deep in the narrow streets of old New York, and the icy blast penetrated the hearts of all who were abroad that dreary midwinter day.

At the window of one of the finest buildings that New York in 1800 could boast of sat a young girl whose countenance beamed with seraphic loveliness. She had just laid an antique but elegantly-bound book aside, and, with chin resting upon a dimpled hand, she gazed listlessly into the street.

The opening of a door and the entrance of a man failed to disturb her reverie, and not until his hands touched her shoulder was she aware of his presence.

"Maud Ashdyle, I am ashamed of you," said the man, whose silver hair gave him a venerable appearance. "Here you sit, upon the eve of your wedding, as unconcerned as though nothing were going to happen. Perhaps you were thinking of that Jack Hardy whose head, ere this, graces a mermaid's temple."

"Father, you are cruel," cried the girl, turning suddenly upon the old man, who regarded her with unquenching expression. "I love him—I can love none else."

"Fish!" he cried, with a sneer. "Two weeks after your marriage I could not convince you that such a graceless scamp as Jack Hardy ever existed. Come, girl, make good your word as becomes a woman. One year since you promised to wed Gilbert Craven unless Captain Hardy returned during the time just mentioned. The sea does not give up its dead. You know that I have searched for my missing ship—that my men have scoured every ocean, but not a clue to her fate has been discovered."

"Save the bottle," she said.

"Yes, I'd forgotten that. It was in his handwriting, you know, and when, against that evidence, you refused to believe him dead, I spent thousands of dollars searching for an impossibility."

"Father, I thank you," she said, gently taking his hand. "But, oh, spare me the sacrifice of the morrow. Would you have me give Gilbert Craven a hand without a heart?"

"As I have said, you will soon learn to love him," answered Gerald Ashdyle. "He is handsome, talented and winning, and loves you with all the strength of his manly nature."

"It all may be, father, but something tells me that poor Jack Hardy is not dead—that—"

"I will listen no longer to such idle talk," cried the old man, turning suddenly from the girl. "Prepare for the wedding, for to-morrow you become Mrs. Craven," and, as he slammed the door in her face, he murmured: "I have not plotted in vain. I am not to be baffled by the speculations of a weak woman. Don't I know that Jack Hardy is dead? Didn't I pay old Roscommon three thousand golden dollars, and give him the command of one of my best vessels, for tossing him overboard during a typhoon? A-ha! I, by proxy, rid the world of you, Jack Hardy, and conscience brands me not for the deed. Conscience! It's a myth, for were it not, I would feel its lashings."

Gerald Ashdyle's gray hairs did not prevent him from becoming a great criminal. He was the richest ship-owner in ancient Gotham. His vessels plowed the trackless wastes of every known sea on the globe, and gold flowed into his coffers like a molten stream.

Handsome Jack Hardy, as thorough a sailor as ever trod the decks of a merchant vessel, commanded the ship-owner's staunchest craft, and was Maud Ashdyle's accepted suitor. For a long time Gerald Ashdyle smiled upon his only daughter's choice, and heaped honors and gold upon the young man. He never dreamed, until Gilbert Craven crossed his path, that Maud had other lovers than the Sea Gull's commander.

Gilbert Craven was an aristocrat, while John Hardy made no pretensions beyond his humble station.

Willily the young parvenu wormed himself into Ashdyle's confidence, and supplanted the old watchman's rival.

At length he broached a plot to Gerald Ashdyle, and what, a year since, the wealthy ship-owner would have spurned with contempt, he now seized with avidity. One day the Sea Gull sailed from New York, and Maud Ashdyle looked in vain for her lover's return. Her father appeared exercised for the safety of the vessel, while he kept in his heart the secret that all this time the Sea Gull, newly painted and bearing a different name, was still upon the waves into whose merciless arms,

for his money, John Hardy had been hurled.

The MS. in the bottle was a forgery! A year passed away, and Gilbert Craven pressed his suit. Maud Ashdyle gently repulsed him, saying that Jack Hardy still lived, and would return some day. She hoped against hope, until her heart grew sick, and, at length, to rid herself of the importunities of her father, she promised to wed Gilbert Craven, if another year rolled by without bringing Jack Hardy to her heart.

The allotted time passed, and the loved form still remained from Maud's sight. Yet, upon the eve of her wedding, she refused to believe her lover dead.

"I know Gilbert Craven," she said, when her passionate parent strode from the room. "Friends have seen him in the company of those who nightly fight the striped beast over the green cloth. And am I doomed to wed such a man? Were I to peremptorily refuse to become his bride on the morrow, with a father's curse I would be thrust from beneath the roof that has sheltered me through storm as well as sunshine; and oh! to think of being turned into the street at such a time!" and, as a gust of wintry wind shook the window, an icy shudder shot to Maud's heart.

Still seated at the window, she saw the somber shades gather on the snow, and, at length, she could not distinguish the forms that flitted over the white surface.

"To-morrow," she gasped, as she turned to her chamber. "The wedding will be as dreary as the night without. Oh, John! John! why sailed you on that fatal voyage?"

As the night advanced, the weather moderated, and the great gray clouds discharged their burden of snow.

Along the dock where lay Gerald Ashdyle's stately ships, paced a corpulent watchman, whose old-fashioned lantern threw a vivid glare far out upon the snow around.

He did not mind the monster flakes, for a great overcoat protected his form, and the face that peeped from the collar owned a kind expression.

"Deary me, how it snows!" he exclaimed.



BEFORE THE WEDDING-DAY.

"I wish the winter would go, for then they'd transfer me to other duties than watching old Ashdyle's craft. It's lonely business, this, and were it not for an old woman down town, I'd leave it."

When tossed from the Sea Gull by Roscommon, who had met a violent death, the waves bore him to the island, where lonely he had dwelt so long.

Gerald Ashdyle drew a breath of relief when he heard of Hardy's safety, and shortly afterward left the city, to which he never returned. His fate is involved in mystery. All his riches he bequeathed to Sylvanie, who soon became Mrs. Hardy.

Gilbert Craven, the originator of the foul conspiracy against Captain Hardy, met the doom he deserved in a gambling den, while light and happiness came back to the hearts of Job Hopelong and his old wife.

As he finished speaking, something white seemed to approach through the snow, and, as he gazed, it grew into a woman's form.

"What fair creature's out in such a storm?" muttered the old watchman; "and in her night-robes, too! My God, she's asleep!"

The woman, or young girl, rather—for the face wore the beauty of a child—was very near Job Hopelong now, and he gazed, lost in amazement, upon the somnambulist.

Her long night-robes trailed in her wake, and her disheveled raven tresses, spotted with snowflakes, streamed far behind her faultless head.

"God planted me here to save her," murmured the watchman; "for right yonder the ice is broken, and her feet are hurrying toward the fatal spot. Girl!"

With the word, spoken in a loud, but kindly voice, his gloved hand touched her arm, and she opened her eyes, with a shriek.

"Oh, God! where am I?" she cried, unable to comprehend her surroundings.

"You're within ten feet of a wet grave, girl," responded the watchman. "I'm old Job Hopelong, who watches old Ashdyle's shipping."

"Ashdyle—my father!" she said, faintly.

"What! Are you Gerald Ashdyle's daughter?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of you," said Job; "but somehow or other, your father always kept you from my old eyes. Sometimes I knowed he did it on purpose, though I can't tell why. But I'm crazy! Girl, you'll get your death here in the snow."

"Death before the morrow!" she cried, recollecting the fate in store for her the coming day.

The old watchman doffed his overcoat, and wrapped it around Maud's shivering form. Then deserting his beat, he lifted her in his arms, and bore her to his humble dwelling, not far from the dock.

"Here, Agnes," he said, throwing wide the low-browed door. "I've brought you Gerald Ashdyle's girl, who walked with her eyes shut right into my arms. We must hide her, for she's telling me as how they want her to marry that young upstart of a Craven to-morrow. She shan't do it if I can help it, and, with your aid, I can."

The old watchman rubbed his hands before the antique hearth, while his wife led Maud to a change of raiment.

Suddenly a cry passed Agnes' lips, and Job turned in his chair. He beheld his wife embracing Maud, and sobbing for joy.

"What's the matter, Agnes?" cried the old watchman, springing forward.

"At last! at last!" cried his wife, throwing back the faded sleeve that covered Maud's arm. "See, Job—our child—our Sylvanie!"

Job Hopelong's eyes fell upon a tattooed arrow on Maud's white flesh.

Another moment, and he folded her to his breast.

The long-lost one returned at last! The following morning the watchman rung the bell of the ship-owner's mansion.

"Come in, Hopelong," cried Ashdyle, whose face was flushed with excitement.

"Maud, my child—"

"Your child?" cried old Job.

"My child! why do you ask?"

"She's mine!"

The ship-master shrunk back aghast.

"Come, sir, confess all," cried the watchman, following him up. "At your instigation my child—my Sylvanie—was abducted."

"Yes; but spare, oh, spare!" groaned Gerald Ashdyle.

"I spare, but, sir, confess to more of your villainy. I read it in your eyes. The Sea Mew was once the Sea Gull. You've lied to my child. Where's Jack Hardy?"

"Ask Roscommon."

"He killed him for your gold."

"He tossed him overboard during a typhoon off the coast of Madagascar. Spare me!"

"I will, God helping me," said Hopelong. "He may live. I will wait another year, and, if he comes not, I will hand you over to the law. I will track you to the uttermost parts of the earth, should you fly thither."

Then he left the baffled ship-owner, and no wedding-guests entered Ashdyle's house that day.

When spring came with her birds and flowers, a ship arrived at New York, and from her deck sprang one who had sojourn-

acquiring languages, and could readily translate most of the Bible into several Indian dialects. His own conduct, however, was frequently in strange contrast with the teachings of that holy book.

He next turns up as a hunter and trapper; when, in this capacity, he became more celebrated for his wild and daring adventures, than before he had been for his mild manners. By many of his companions he was looked upon as a man who was partially insane.

Old Bill was a perfect enigma and terror to the Mexicans, who thought him possessed of an evil spirit. He once settled for a short time in their midst and became a trader. Soon after he had established himself, he had a quarrel with some of his customers about his charges. He appeared to be instantly disgusted with the Mexicans, for he threw his small stock of goods into the street where he lived, set them on fire, and seized his rifle and started again for the mountains.

His knowledge of the country over which he had wandered was very extensive; but when Fremont put it to the test, he came very near losing his life by his guidance. After bequeathing his name to several mountains, rivers and passes which were undoubtedly discovered by him, he was killed by the Comanches in 1850.

Another interesting anecdote of this eccentric man I copy from Van Trump's "The West."

In describing the American Desert, the writer speaks of the long marches without water. These dry stretches are called by the Mexicans "jornadas;" the literal meaning of the word being a journey. He says:

"On the jornada of which I am about to speak, which is sometimes called the 'jornada del Niñero' (the journey of death), the distance from one water-hole to another can not be less than eighty miles; and on account of the animals it is highly important that it should be traveled at once; to accomplish this we started about three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached the other side of the jornada late in the morning of the following day, the greater part of the distance being gone over by moonlight."

evidently failed them, and, although they could pursue a retreating foe, they felt no inclination to face the rifles of American hunters, who had turned like a stag at bay.

At length, growing tired of inaction, and exasperated by the loss which he had already sustained, Williams proposed to visit the Californian camp by night, and steal the horses by which their pursuers had followed them. To this they assented, and that evening took from their enemies every horse and mule which they had with them, leaving them to return as best they might.

"This feat having been thus successfully performed, the Americans went on their way rejoicing. But alas for human expectations! As though to mete out a sort of even-handed justice, it was destined that they should be attacked by the Indians, who drove off their whole caballada, leaving them to find their way back to Santa Fe on foot. Such is the story, but beyond the dry bones on the jornada I can bear no witness to its truth."

A CHEROKEE LEGEND.

Every mountain, valley, and cascade of northern Georgia has an Indian tradition connected with its history. The Cherokees relate one which they say occurred at Toccoa Falls, many years before the white men came to their country. They were waging a fierce war with a powerful tribe who lived on the lowlands southward. During a hard-fought battle it so happened that the Cherokees made captive a dozen of their foes, whom they brought home to their country, securely bound. Their intention was to sacrifice the prisoners; but, as they wished the ceremony to be impressive on account of the fame of the captives, it was resolved to postpone the sacrifice till the time of the full moon. In the mean time the Cherokee braves went forth again to battle, while the prisoners, now bound more strongly than ever, were left in a wigwam near Toccoa, in charge of an old woman noted for her savage patriotism.

Some days passed, and as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought her to release them, and offered her the most valuable bribes; but she held her tongue and remained faithful to her trust. It was now a morning of a pleasant day when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge, and told her that he saw a party of their enemies on the other side of the mountains a few hours previous, and it was probable they were coming to the rescue of their fellows. She heard the intelligence in silence. Re-entering the lodge another appeal for pardon was made, and the prisoners were delighted to see a smile playing upon the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had relented, and promised that she would let them escape; but it must be on certain conditions. They were, first, to give into her hands what few personal effects they had left, and must depart at dead of night, and that they might not find their way back must consent to go blindfolded for two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, where she would release them.

The prisoners gladly consented, and as the hour of midnight approached it was accompanied by a heavy thunder-storm. The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited. She tied leather bands over the eyes of her captives, and having severed the thongs which fastened their feet, led them forth with hands still bound behind their backs. They were fastened to each other by tough withes, and were in this way led on toward their promised freedom. Intricate, winding, tedious was their way; but not a murmur was heard or a word spoken. Now the strange procession reached a level spot of ground, and the prisoners began to step more freely. Now they have reached the precipice of Toccoa; and, as the woman walks to the very edge, she makes a sudden turn, and the blind captives are launched into the abyss below. A howl of savage triumph echoes through the air from the old woman's den, and with the groans of the dying in her ears, and the lightning in her path, she retraces her steps to the lodge to seek repose, and on the morrow to proclaim her cruel deed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

Tiger-Fighting in India.—In India tiger fights are by no means unfrequent. A square of fifty feet is fenced off with bamboo lattice-work, several feet high, in order to prevent the animal from leaping among the people, which has sometimes taken place. The tiger is placed in a cage on one side of the square, and an immense crowd of spectators usually assembled outside the fence, impatiently waiting for the fight. Upon a given signal the tiger is driven into the area by fireworks.

In a combat of this sort, described by a recent traveler, a buffalo was first let in against the tiger; both animals appeared equally reluctant to engage, and watched each other most attentively. The tiger was again compelled to move by the fireworks, and the buffalo advanced two or three steps, on which the tiger again crouched.

A dog was next thrown in, but the tiger seemed unwilling to attack even him.

An elephant was next sent into the square, when the tiger, retreating, uttered a cry of terror, and, in despair, he attempted to leap over the fence, but failed. The elephant, approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees upon the tiger, but he avoided this danger. The elephant in his turn became alarmed, and no exertion of his rider could induce him to repeat the attack; but, advancing to the gate, he soon made a passage through it, to the terror of the spectators. The poor tiger, however, lay panting on the ground, without attempting to profit by the opportunity to escape.

A second elephant was now turned in, but he proved as unsuccessful as the former one. The tiger, at length facing his adversary, sprung upon his forehead, where he hung for some seconds, till the elephant, collecting all his might, with one violent jerk dashed him to the ground, where he lay, unable to rise. The conqueror was satisfied with his victory, and turning quickly round, he rushed toward the fence with his tusks lifted up, and raised the whole framework, together with some persons who had climbed upon it. A scene of terror and confusion now followed, not to be described; the elephant, however, made his way through without injuring any person, and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow him.

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY.

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XI.—Old Bill Williams—His Strange Life—His Death—Stealing Horses—The Journey of Death—The American Desert—A Comp-d-main—The Result—A Cherokee Legend—A Woman's Will—The Dead March—A She Monster.

WHILE trapping alone on the Republican river, I was visited by an old trapper, named Baldwin, or Belden, who remained with me several days. As may be imagined, the meeting of a white man was to me a subject of congratulation, and during the time he remained with me, we enjoyed ourselves "hugely."

Among the many anecdotes related by him, was one of William Williams, or, as he was more familiarly known, "Old Bill Williams."

William Williams was a celebrated character in the Rocky Mountains, where he lived many years. At one time he was a Methodist preacher in the State of Missouri, which he frequently boasted of in after life.

Whenever relating this part of his eventful career, he used to say that he was so well known in his circuit, that the chickens recognized him as he came riding past the farm-houses. The old roosters would crow, "Here comes Parson Williams! One of us must be made ready for dinner."

Upon quitting the States, he traveled extensively among the various tribes of Indians throughout the far West, and adopted their manners and customs. Whenever he grew weary of one nation, he would go to another. To the missionaries he was very useful. He possessed the faculty of easily